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Choice Poetry.

THE HOME-GOING.

BY G. S. BURLEIGH.

Ah, why should bitter tears be shed,
In sorrow o'er the wounded sod,
When, verily, there are no dead,
Of all the children of our God.
They who are lost to outward sense,
Have but flung off their robes of clay,
And clothed in heavenly radiance,
Attend us on our lowly way;
And oft their spirits breathe in ours
The hope, and strength, and love of theirs,
Which bloom, as bloom the early flowers
In breath of Summer's viewless airs;
And silent Aspirations start
In promptings of their purer thought,
Which gently lead the troubled heart
To joys not even Hope had sought.

While sorrow's tears our eyes have wet,
Shed o'er the consecrated dust,
Too much our darkened souls forget
The lessons of enduring trust.
Not then we heed the hallowed joy
Their presence would inspire in us,
That time or fate cannot destroy,
Or even Death make only thus
Not then we mark the cheering light
Of their serene and love lit eyes,
Which look out from the Infinite
Like stars from yon unbounded skies.

Though sorrow brings her hidden Good,
And tears their dewy benison,
Not always o'er the spirit should
Their darkness overcast the sun.
The rain whose blessed coming nurs[illegible]
The sweetest flower of blushing Spring;
If through its cloud no sunlight burst,
Would blight her loveliest blossoming.

'Tis well the heart one loose its tide,
And gently pour the soothing tear,
When joyful Hope is crucified
In death-pangs of the loved and dear;
But when from her sepulchral prison
Their Angels roll the grief away,
Then yield we to the new arisen
And own her everlasting sway;
With spirit-glance undimmed by tears
Look upward and forget the clod,
For brighter than yon million spheres
They wheel around the throne of God;
And echoes from their choral song
Come quivering down the blue expanse,
Like murmurs from the insect throng
That on the beams of sunset dance.

Let Grief [illegible] no more sorrowing pour
[illegible] twilight on our pathway dim,
And Death can have no terrors more,
But holy Joy shall walk with him.

Pictures of Life.

A SYLVAN MORALITY: OR, A WORD TO WIVES.

"These summer wings
Have borne me in my days of idle pleasure;
I do discard them."

"And Benedict, love on; I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand."

At the age of seventeen, Emily S—— "came out," gilt and lettered, from the Minerva Press of a fashionable boarding-school, and was, two years afterwards, bound (in white satin) as a bride. In the short period intervening between these two important epochs, she had had a prodigious run of admiration. Sonnets had been penned on her pencilled brow, and the brows of rivalled beauties had contracted at the homage paid to hers. All this Emily had liked well enough—perhaps a little better than she ought; but where was the wonder? for, besides custom, general (such as early youth and early training) for leaving the world and the world's vanities, she had an excuse of her own, in the fact that she had nothing else to love—no mother, no sister, no home—no home, at least, in its largest and loving sense. She was the orphan but not wealthy ward of a fashionable aunt, in whom the selfish regrets of age had entirely frozen the few sympathies left open by the selfish enjoyments of youth.

When Emily married, and for a few months previous, it was of course to be presumed that she had found something better than the world, whereon to fix the affection of her warm young heart. At all events she had found a somebody to love her, and one who was worthy to be loved in return. Indeed, a better fellow than our friend F——, does not live; but, though fairly good-looking, and the perfect gentleman, he was not, perhaps, exactly the description of gentleman to excite the rapid growth of romantic attachment in the bosom of an admired girl of nineteen.

Why did she marry him? Simply because amongst her admirers she liked nobody better, and because her aunt, who was anxious to be relieved of her charge, liked nobody so well;—not because he had much to offer, but because it was little he required.

Soon after their marriage the happy pair set out for Paris. F——, though his means were slender, and tastes retired, made every effort (so far as bridegroom could so feel it) to gratify his lively young wife by a stay at the capital of pleasure. After a subsequent excursion, they returned within a year to England, and settled at a pretty cottage in Berkshire, to which we speedily received a cordial invitation. It was no less readily accepted, for we were anxious to behold the "rural felicity," of which we little doubt that our friends were in full possession.

The result, however, of a week's sojourn at their quiet abode, was the reluctant opinion that, somehow or another, the marriage garments of the young couple did not sit quite easy; though to point out the defect in their make, or to discover where they girted, were matters on which it required some time to form a decided judgment. One thing, however, was pretty obvious. With her [illegible] life, Emily had not assumed the [illegible] of their [illegible]—but only the color—which became her new estate; nor did she, as we shrewdly suspected, pay quite so much attention to the cares of the little ménage as was rendered incumbent by the limited amount of her husband's income. She seemed, in short, the same thoughtless, pleasure-loving, pleasure-seeking girl as ever; now the wife captured, the same volatile butterfly as when surrounded and chased by butterflies like herself.

But her captor! asks some modern Petrarchic—had he not, or could he not contrive to clip her pinions?

Poor F——! not he! he would have feared to "brush the dust" from off them; and, from something of the over-fondness, had been feeding with the bouquet pleasures of the French Capital, those tastes which (without them) might have been reconciled already to the more spare and simple sociabilities of a retired English neighborhood. He was only trying the experiment which should have been made a year ago, and that with a reluctant and undecided hand.

Poor Emily! her love of gayety had now, it is true, but little scope for its display; but it was still strongly apparent, in the rapturous regret with which she referred to pleasures past, and the rapturous delight with which she greeted certain occasional breaks in the monotony of a country life. An approaching dinner party would raise her tide of spirits, and a distant ball or boat meeting make them swell into a flood. One or two such occasions we fancied that F——, though never cross, looked grave enough to have been set down as an unreasonable fellow; if not by every one, at least by that complex "everybody," who declared that his wife was "one of the prettiest and sweetest little women in the world," and, as everybody must be right, so of course it was.

Rarely, indeed, had our gentle Benedict beheld the face of his "Young May Moon," absolutely clouded; but then it had always been his care to chase away from it every passing, or even approaching cloud; and he would certainly have liked, in return, that no very heightened [illegible] should have shone on him direct, instead of reaching him duly, as it were, refracted from what to his eyes, certainly, were very [illegible] objects.

We had passed some weeks at our entertainer's cottage, when rumors got afloat, such as had not disturbed, for many a year, the standing, and sometimes stagnant pool of Godlington society. The son of Lord W—— was about to come of age, and the event was to be celebrated by grand doings; a varied string of entertainments, to be wound up, it was whispered, by a grand parti-colored, or fancy ball.

Rumors were soon silenced by certainty, and our friends were amongst those who received an invitation to meet all the world of Godlington and a fragment of the world of London, about to be brought into strange conjunction at W—— Castle. What shapes, grotesque, and gay, and gorgeous—ghosts of things departed—started up before the sparkling eyes of Emily, as she put the reviving talisman into F——'s hand. No wonder that her charmed sight failed to discover what was, however, sufficiently apparent, that her husband's delight at the honor done them by no means equalled hers. Indeed we were pretty certain that not merely dissatisfaction, but even dissent, was to be read in his compressed lip, and, for once, forbidding eye.

Nothing was then said upon the subject—but we saw the next morning something very like coolness on the part of F—— towards his wife, which was returned on hers by something very like petulance. Ah! thought we, it all comes of this unlucky ball! We had often heard it declared by our friend, that he hated every species of masquerade, and would never allow (though this was certainly before his marriage) either sister, wife, or daughter of his to attend one. But besides this aversion for entertainments in general, he had reasons, as we afterwards gathered, for disliking, in particular, this fancy ball of Lord W——'s. Amongst the "London World," Emily would be sure to meet several of her quondam acquaintances, perhaps admirers; and though he was no jealous husband, he preferred, on many accounts, that such meetings should be avoided.

The slight estrangement spoken of, did not wholly pass away, though so trifling were its tokens, that no eye less interested than our own, might have noticed their existence. Indeed, neither of the parties seemed really angry with the other, appearing rather to think it incumbent on them to keep up a certain show of coolness—but whenever the sunny smile of Emily broke [illegible] it dissolved in an instant the half-formed ice of her husband's manner. By mutual consent the subject of the fancy ball seemed left in abeyance, and while, in every circle, for miles round, it formed the central topic, in ours it was the theme forbid. Thence we tried to infer that it was a matter abandoned, and that Emily's better judgment, if not her good feeling, had determined her to give up her own liking, on this the very first occasion on which, we believe, her husband had ever thwarted it.

Well—whether, as with us, awaited in silence, or, as with the many, harbingered by the music of the many voices—the grand event marched on; and a day was only wanted of its expected arrival, when business called F—— to London, from whence he was not to return till late at night. Soon after his departure, which followed an early breakfast, we left Emily, as we supposed, to the business of her little household, and repaired, as was our wont, to the library, a small apartment which our friend F—— had made the very bijou of his pretty cottage. It was tastefully fitted up in the gothic style, with a window of painted glass—a window, by the way, especially suited to a book room, not merely so pleasing to the eye, but for a correspondence which has often struck us. The many colored panes through which the light of day finds entrance, form so [illegible] symbol of a library contents, whereby the light of intelligence is poured upon the mind, through as many varied mediums, from the deep, cold, black and blue of the learned and scientific lore, to the glowing flame color and crimson of romance. Having taken down a choice copy of the Faery Queen, we committed our person to an ebony arm chair, and our spirit to the magic guidance of our author's fancy. Obedient to its leading, we were careering somewhat betwixt earth and heaven, when a slight noise brought us down for a moment to our proper sphere; yet hardly,—for on looking up, we beheld, standing in the wake of a colored sunbeam, from which, on wings of gossamer, she seemed to have just descended, in unexpected apparition of surpassing grace and beauty. Titania's self, just stepped upon the mossy earth, could scarcely have stood poised on an unbroken flower stalk, in form more airy, in attitude more graceful, with countenance more radiant than those of Emily F——, as arrayed in likeness of the Faery Queen, she thus burst upon our view, and with an air half archly playful, half proudly triumphant, enjoyed our bewildered surprise, and received the involuntary homage of our admiration.

We saw, in a moment how the matter stood; Emily was really going to the fancy ball; and this, of the Queen of Fays, was the fantastic and too bewitching costume she had chosen to assume. Knowing her kind heart, and having believed that its affections had been gained by her estimable husband, if not bestowed on him at first, we were vexed and disappointed in our young relation, and felt it only right to give, if we could, a check to her buoyant vanity, by letting her feel the weight of our disapproval—shown if not expressed.

"So I see, Emily," said I, in the coldest tone, "I see, after all, that you are going to this foolish ball."

The beaming countenance of the beautiful sylph darkened in a moment, like a cosmoramic landscape.

"And why not?" returned she, pettishly; "I suppose, then, you don't approve?"

"My approbation can be of very little import, if you possess that of your own heart and that of your husband. Under what character, pray, does he attend you? I suppose he plays Oberon to your Titania?"

Emily's face reddened. Some strong emotion heaved her bosom, and I saw that pride alone kept the starting tears from overflowing.

"Oberon," said she, with an attempt at careless indifference, "will not be there at all. I am to go with Lady Forrester."

We felt more vexed than ever, and wished to say something which yet might hinder the young wife's intention; but while considering what that something should be, or whether, indeed, our age and slight relationship gave a sufficient right to say anything, we looked down for a moment on our still open book. Of that moment Emily availed herself to effect her escape, and on raising our eyes, we only caught a glimpse of her glittering wings as she glided through the doorway. Our first impulse was to recall her; our next thought to leave her to herself. If her better nature still struggled, remonstrance of ours, we considered, might only serve to set wounded pride against it; and wounded pride, like wounded heroes, fight most desperately. We saw no more of our young hostess till the hour of dinner, to which we sat down tete-a-tete. Emily's sweet face had regained its usual expression of good humor, and by almost an excess of attention, and an effort at more than ordinary liveliness, she strove to make amends for the slight ebullition of temper stirred up by the morning's incident; but her sociability seemed forced, and we felt that our own was much of the same description.

Our after-dinner sitting was soon ended for an evening stroll. It had been a sultry day toward the end of August; the lazy zephyrs had been all asleep since noonday; so, with a view to meet the first of them which should happen to be stirring, we directed our steps towards a high open heath or common. Its summit was crowned by a magnificent beech, towards which we slowly ascended, under a shower of darts levelled by the declining sun; and, on arriving at the tree, were right glad to seat ourselves on the circular bench which surrounded its smooth and bulky bole.

Here, in addition to the welcome boons of rest and shade, we were presented gratis with the exhibition of a finer panorama than the Messrs. Barker ever yet produced.

What a scene of tranquil splendor lay before us! one of those glowing pictures of the declining day and declining year, whereon like a pair of dying painters, they seem to have combined their utmost skill and richest colors, in order to exceed, in a last effort, all the productions of their meridian prime.

After a few moments of silent admiration, we were on the point of exclaiming to our young companion—"Oh, who could prefer the most brilliant ball-room to a scene like this?" but we checked the impulse; for, perhaps, thought we the "still small voice," which speaks from all around us, is even now whispering to her heart. But never, we believe, was adder more deaf to the accents of the "charmer," than was Emily at that moment to those of nature. Her mind, we are pretty sure, was still running, all the faster as she approached it, on that fancy ball. Perhaps she suspected that ours was following the same turn, and knowing of our old habit of making observations upon insects, she, by a little womanly artifice, availed herself of it to divert their course. Pointing with her parasol to a long procession of brown ants, which were crossing the foot-worn area beneath the tree,

"Look," said she, "I suppose they are going home to bed."

"Or perhaps to a ball," rejoined we, quite unable to resist the pleasure of taking our fair cousin in her own ruse, "but let us follow them and see."

Emily was delighted at having, as she thought, so ingeniously set us on our hobby, and attended us to the spot whither we had traced the little laborers. Their populous settlement bore no appearance of evening repose. Other trains were approaching in various directions, to meet that which we had followed; and a multitude was covering the conical surface of the ant-hills, as if taking a farewell bask in the glowing sunset. Amidst the congregated many, and distinguished from the common herd by very superior bulk and four resplendent wings, were several individual ants, which Emily (as well she might) mistook for flies, [illegible] society.

"They are not flies," said we, "but ants themselves—female ants—though with somewhat of the air, certainly, of being in masquerade or fancy costume. But, say what we will of their attire, we must needs confess that they are in their proper places; for they are the matrons of the community, and, as we see, they are at home."

Our young companion made no reply; but, stooping down, seemed wholly engrossed by the examination of the ant-hill.

"Look," exclaimed she, presently, "here is one of those poorly dames without any wings at all. I suppose some of her neighbors have taken up a spite against her, and combined to strip her of her glittering appendages."

"By no means," we answered, "she has laid them aside by her own voluntary act. Only see, my dear Emily, here is one of her sisters, even now employed in the business of disrobing."

We both stooped, and watched narrowly the curious operation to which we had directed our young friend's attention. One of the larger insects in question was actively employed in agitating her wings, bringing them before her head, crossing them in every direction, throwing them from side to side, and producing so many singular contortions as to cause them all four to fall off at the same moment, leaving her reduced to the same condition as her wingless sister. Fatigued, apparently, by her late efforts, she reposed awhile, after the accomplishment of her purpose, brushed her denuded corselet with her feet, and then proceeded to burrow in the soft earth of the hillock, was speedily lost to our observation.

"How very odd!" said Emily; "what can possibly be the meaning of such a strange, unnatural proceeding?"

"I will tell you," replied we, "that which has been thought fully to explain its intention. This insect female, in common with her sisters, has hitherto been privileged to lead a life of entire indolence and pleasure. A few days since, having risen from her lowly birth-place on those discarded pinions, we might have seen her disporting in the air with some gay and gallant companions, of inferior size, but winged like herself. But now her career of pleasure, though not of happiness, being at an end, her life of usefulness is about to begin, and, in character of a matron, she is called to the performance of such domestic duties as will henceforth confine her to the precincts of her home.

Of what use now, therefore, are the glittering wings which adorned and became her in her earlier youth? Their possession might only, perchance, have tempted her to desert the post which Nature, under Divine guidance, has instructed her to fill. Obedient to its teaching, she has thus despoiled herself of the showy pinions which (essential to her enjoyment in the fields of air) would only have encumbered her in the narrower but more important sphere of home.

Emily listened in silence to our lecture on Entomology, which must have been delivered, we supposed, with peculiar clearness, as she did not, according to her usual custom, follow it up by any further inquiry or comment. We soon after bid adieu to the insect community, and wended our way homewards.

F—— returned from London the same evening; but availing ourselves of an old friend's freedom, we had retired to bed before his arrival.

Next morning ushered in the day, "the great, the important day," of the fancy ball—neither "heavily" nor "in clouds" yet greatly did we fear that the pleasant sunshine which greeted our opening eyes would be met with no answering beams at the breakfast table of our friends.

How agreeably, therefore, were we surprised, when, on entering the parlor, we at once perceived an expression of more perfect serenity, on the countenances of both F—— and his pretty wife, than had been worn by either since the day of that confounded invitation.

"Ah!" thought we, "it's pretty plain how the matter is ended; that wicked little fairy has wrought her charms for something—has carried her point—and will carry him, her willing captive, to the ball. What poor weak fools [illegible] husbands are! Thank heaven that——. Well! perhaps better so than worse."

Breakfast proceeded; that in plenty; but not a syllable about the fancy ball; till bursting to know how the case, so long pending, had really ended, we ventured on a pumping query—"At what hour, Emily," said we, "does Lady Forrester come to take you to the ball?"

"I have written to prevent her calling."

"Oh, then, you are going under other [illegible]?" and we looked slyly at F——.

"I am not going at all," said Emily.

Here she put in ours her little white hand, and looked up archly in our face—"I am not going, for I have laid aside my wings!"*

"My good fellow!" said F——, as he took our other hand; "you deserve to be made President of the Entomological Society."

NOTE.

That remarkable procedure of the matron ant, whereon the preceding narrative is founded, is a well authenticated fact. The circumstances attending it were partially noticed by Gould, the historian of English ants, Linnæus, and De Geer; and observed and related with greater accuracy by Huber, part of whose interesting account we shall combine with a few introductory remarks by a living naturalist,* whose own testimony is given to its veracity.

"It was supposed by the ancients that all ants, at a certain age, acquired wings; but it was reserved for recent naturalists to ascertain that it is only the males and females that are ever winged, and that the latter lose them after pairing in the air, as they have no longer any use for them."

The younger Huber, by means of his artificial formicaries, traced the development of the wings in the female from their first commencement till he saw them stripped off by themselves, and laid aside like cast-off clothes.

He one day visited some ant-hills which he knew to be filled with winged inhabitants, whose departure could not be far distant. "Hardly," says he, "had I reached the spot, when I saw several, both males and females, pass over my head, while at the ant-hill I observed others take flight, the males always preceding. Of these I took eight pairs, and placed them in a box to observe them on my return home; but a violent shower which came on at this moment, offered me a sight singular as it was unexpected. As soon as the rain was over, I saw the earth strewed with females without wings. They were most likely the very ones that I had seen in the air.

* * * *

On my return home, I placed my eight prisoners with some moist earth in a garden pot covered with glass. It was nine o'clock in the evening; at ten the females had lost their wings, which I observed scattered here and there, and were hiding themselves under the earth."

Three of the insects placed in a box, without any earth at the bottom, did not, on this account, divest themselves of their wings; but another, furnished with a light cotton bed, no sooner perceived it, than "she extended her wings with an effort, brought them before her head, crossed them in all directions, threw them from side to side, and produced so many singular contortions, that all four wings fell off at the same moment. After this change she reposed, brushed her corselet with her feet, then traversed the ground, appearing to seek a place of shelter; she partook of the honey I gave her, and at last found a hiding place under some loose earth that formed a little natural grotto." Huber repeated, and describes minutely the like experiments on several females of different species, and always with the same results.

Gould (writing about 1747, and calling the winged females "large ant flies," the males small ones,) says—"If you place a number (of the former) in a box, the wings of many of them will, after some time, gradually fall off like autumnal leaves." He also observes that "a large ant-fly (contrary to other insects) gains by the loss of her wings, is afterwards promoted to a throne, and drops these external ornaments as emblems of too much levity for a sovereign." But as female ants hold little of the state and none of the authority of queens, he would have spoken of their wings more properly as incumbrances to their new matronly duties, one of which is the construction of chambers in the earth. July and August is their usual season for disrobing.—*Episodes of Insect Life.*

* Rennie, in Insect Miscellanies.

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.—The distinguished Gouverneur Morris, of Morrisania, near the city of New York, who was a gentleman, by birth, education, and the most lofty bearing, on being asked for his definition of a gentleman, replied, in the words of the Psalmist:—

"'Tis he whose every thought and deed
By rule of virtue moves;
Whose generous tongue disdains to speak
The thing his heart disproves.
Who never did a slander forge,
His neighbor's fame to wound;
Nor hearken to a false report
By malice whispered round.
Who vice in all its pomp and power
Can treat with just neglect;
And piety, though clothed in rags,
Religiously respect.
Who to his *plighted word* and trust
Has ever firmly stood;
And, *though he promise to his loss,*
He makes his promise good.
Whose soul in usury disdains
His treasure to employ;
Whom no rewards can ever bribe
The guiltless to destroy."

This psalm was copied by Thomas Jefferson, in the smallest hand and neatest manner, in his commonplace book.

☞ As nightingales love most to sing near an echo, so does the heart speak loudest near tones of music.

Our Picture Gallery.

LIGHT-HOUSE AT MINOT'S LEDGE,

DESTROYED IN THE GREAT GALE, APRIL 16, 1851.

At the time of the destruction of the above light-house, we had the above engraving prepared for our readers—the original of which appeared in a Boston paper. Some months have elapsed since then, but the subject is one which will ever have an interest.

The strength of the light-house had been frequently called in question. Only a few weeks previous to its destruction, the public mind was so much excited in relation to the safety of this structure, that the engineer under whose superintendence the light-house was built, [illegible] demonstrated, on scientific principles, that the building was perfectly safe! The communication contained a most ungenerous sneer at the fears which had been expressed by the keeper.

A few days after the great gale in March last, says an exchange, we conversed with a young man, who gave us an account of the fearful and appalling scenes which he passed during the four or five days which the storm lasted. We remarked to him that probably it would be difficult to find men to keep the light if Mr. Bennett should leave it. "Yes, sir," said the brave fellow, "I shall stay as long as Mr. Bennett does, and when we leave the light it will be dangerous for any others to take it." Poor fellow! He left not his post, but nobly died doing his duty. When we saw him last, he thought the worst of the season was over, and that he should be able to retain his post, at least through another Summer. But he was not without his misgivings. In case his worst fears were realized, he hoped, with some degree of confidence, that he should be able to reach the shore. We reminded him of the probabilities against such an escape, but he assured us that he should stand by the light as long as the light itself stood.

The last time the light was seen was about eight o'clock in the evening.

The following is a description of the above structure, which appeared in an Eastern print last Fall, written by a gentleman who visited it in August, 1850:

Our steamer anchored within half a mile of the ledge rock, and the surf-boat started with our party to visit the light-house. It was the intention of the whole party to go up to the lantern, but when we came to the iron posts, and encountered the waves which broke over the rock, it was found that but one-third of the boat-load only would venture to ascend. It took about five minutes for one person to take advantage of the receding waves so as to be able to get upon the irons by which alone the structure could be reached. The surf-boat returned to the steamer to bring another load to the rock, but the account of those who dared not land was such as to deter many from making the attempt. We stepped from the boat upon wrought iron cross-bars, placed at right angles upon one of the iron shafts, upon which the structure was placed. It was almost like ascending a flag staff. The most difficulty was experienced in passing that portion of the iron shaft where the posts were coupled and keyed together. About fifty feet from the water we landed upon a platform, which was used as a place to store the oil, coal, water, and other stores required by the establishment. Iron cranes, arranged with iron cog wheels and chains, swung from this platform, and were used to raise [illegible] occupied by the keepers [illegible]. Circular stairs led to the keeper's apartment. Two of the inmates were present, and we met with a most cordial welcome. Their room was about fourteen feet across. The windows in it were placed upon the South-Western side, and the births where they slept were upon the opposite side of the room. They had a small cooking stove, a table, and four chairs. The ornaments to the sides of this singular dwelling were a spy-glass, a rifle, some curious shells, and a number of birds which had been shot by the keepers, or been killed by contact with the light-house. The cooking utensils and crockery were also within sight.

From this room, by spiral stairs, we went up into the lantern. Here everything was neat and in the most perfect order. The reflectors were of great brilliancy, and the whole appearance of the lights indicated that great care had always been taken of them. This lantern-room was too warm to be comfortable, as the heat from the lights had been retained by the metal frame work, and the plate glass in the sides was so well set that no air could enter the place except at the openings made for ventilation. From a balustrade round the keepers' room, an iron ladder was made, that led to the top of the lantern. But few of our party ventured to ascend. I went up, and the scene was very fine. Our steamer lay at anchor below us, whilst at a distance Cape Ann could be distinctly seen at the North—Nahant and the islands of the outer harbor loomed up at the West—to the East the ocean was dotted with vessels, with their white sails shining in the sun, and Nantasket Beach, Hingham, Cohasset and Scituate, with their villages, and the numerous dwellings about the rude rocks and coves, were to be seen along the line of the South shore. While we were enjoying the scene, a steamer from Provincetown passed within half-a-mile of us—and was saluted and cheered by our party.

We returned to the room to listen to the yarns of our two hosts. The oldest stated that eighteen years of his life had been passed in a light-house; that during a storm of the previous season, he expected each hour would be his last, and that all the wealth of Boston would not induce him to remain in the light another year. His greatest apprehension appeared to be that the shafts would break off at the place where they were coupled. He did not like the cast iron work, and thought more braces were required throughout the structure. He stated that during a gale it rocked so, that if a bucket of water was placed upon the floor of his room, in fifteen minutes the water would be entirely thrown out, and that many times the entire services of two men were required to keep the glass chimneys placed upon the lights. The shocks [illegible] the details of the work, had not been an attentive observer of the immense power of the ocean. A number of places were shown where the work showed signs of weakness, and as a whole, the structure seemed to be rather more theoretically than practically planned and constructed.

Instances are given by Mr. Lyell, in his work on geology, of the immense power of the waves of the ocean, and from the position and construction of this famous light-house, I was induced to fear that but few years would elapse before its entire destruction. I think that all our party entertained similar apprehensions, and that there was a deep interest and sympathy experienced for the two keepers. The expression was general that the post was one of great danger, and the remuneration totally inadequate. We returned to the steamer both pleased and pained, and since that time members of the party have referred to the visit, and expressed an interest in the fate of those who were connected with the light.

It is now probable that a granite tower will be erected upon this dangerous ledge, and that the recent disaster will be an enduring lesson to the authorities of the United States, in respect to the folly of their narrow policy of following, in works of such a nature, that saving thrift which is wasteful. At low water the wreck of the light house can be plainly seen. The massive iron work of the structure lies on the ledge to leeward, the lantern broken in two, and the keeper's house and other parts a mass of ruins. The bodies of the two keepers who perished, were not recovered. Their names were Jos. Antonio and Jos. Wilson.

The structure was composed of iron throughout, and its dimensions were as follows: Whole height from the ledge, 75 feet; from the rock to the keeper's house 60 feet. The diameter of the iron piles was eight inches at the base, and four and-a-half inches at the top. Breadth of base 25 feet. Keeper's room 14 feet. The diameter of the lantern was 11½ feet, and it contained 15 reflectors of 21 inches each. The cost of the structure was about $39,000. It was first lighted January 1st, 1850.

Selected Sketch.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

[The following sketch of the House of Lords, is a continuation of that of the House of Commons, published by us some weeks since. It is from Chambers's Edinburgh Journal:]

M. Vieuxtemps and Herr von Blunderblast were punctual to their appointment—time, two o'clock, P. M; place, by Nelson's Column, Trafalgar Square—and we forthwith proceeded down Parliament Street.

"Does the House of Lords assemble so early?" asked Herr von Blunderblast.

"Not often as a legislative body: it is now sitting in its judicial capacity only. The House of Peers is the final Court of Appeal from Chancery, and writs of error lie to it from the Courts of Queen's Bench in England and Ireland, and the Supreme Courts of Scotland."

"A miscellaneous kind of Cour de Cassation," remarked M. Vieuxtemps with quite a perceptible sneer. "An assemblage of bishops, admirals, generals, parvenu merchants, must constitute an admirable tribunal for deciding in the last resort vexed and intricate questions of law or equity."

"The House of Lords exercises higher judicial functions than your Cour de Cassation, and the certainly absurd theory of such a court of appellate jurisdiction is much modified in practice. It is true that every Peer who has subscribed the parliamentary roll has an undisputed right to attend and vote upon all judicial decisions, but the judgments in point of fact are invariably pronounced by the law Lords alone who have heard the arguments: by the Lord Chancellor for the time being—by Ex Chancellors, Vice-Chancellors, and Judges who happen to be Peers.—Amongst others, at the present time, by Lords Lyndhurst, Brougham, Campbell, Denman, Cranworth."

"This merely voluntary refraining from the exercise of a right on the part of the mass of the Peerage," said Herr von Blunderblast, "may answer very well in fair weather, when only ordinary questions of law are in dispute, but scarcely, sir, I should think, when decisions involving political and party results are in the balance."

"It should seem so, but the fact is otherwise. This was proved on a somewhat recent and famous occasion. The late Mr. O'Connell was convicted of sedition, and fined and imprisoned by the Irish Court of Queen's Bench, Dublin. A writ of error, impugning the legality of the proceedings in that Court, was brought, and the judgment was reversed by the House of Lords—that is, by the votes of three law Lords, Cottenham, Denman, and Campbell, against two, those of Lyndhurst and Brougham. When the judgment was given there were many Peers in the House vehemently opposed to O'Connell, and who thought the judgment of the Court below ought to have been maintained. One Irish Peer cried, 'Non-content,' when the question was put by the Lord Chancellor, and rose to insist upon his strict right to divide the House; but the cries of 'Order, order!' which arose on all sides, compelled him to forego his intention; and judgment, the effect of which was the immediate liberation of O'Connell was pronounced. So entirely a thing of growth, of precedence, and habit, as I have before told you, is this constitution of checks and balances under which we live."

"A very illogical haphazard system it appears to me," said M. Vieuxtemps.

"Quite so: it is no more symmetrical than a granite rock."

"But, pray," persisted the systematising French gentleman—"pray, how was it that the law or statute by virtue of which the Peers sit as a judicial body did not prescribe in terms the practice which the good sense of the Lords alone induces them to adopt?"

"For the very excellent reason that the House does not exercise judicial functions by virtue of any special law or statute. It is a jurisdiction purely founded on precedent, custom—a remnant of the all-embracing authority exercised by the House when it was the '*Magnum Concilium*' of the realm, and it would not even now bear much straining. The Lords had a narrow miss of losing this appellate jurisdiction of theirs at about the same time that the Commons, in the reign of Charles the Second, deprived them of their claim to 'original jurisdiction.'"

"Indeed! How did that happen?"

"In this manner: One Skinner sued the East India Company before the Peers for alleged wrong and oppression, and obtained five thousand pounds' damages against the Company, the plea in bar of jurisdiction having been overruled. The corporation appealed to the Commons, who reported, 'that the Lords, in taking cognisance of an original complaint, had acted illegally.'—The Peers, highly indignant, in their turn resolved, 'that the House of Commons entertaining the scandalous petition of the East India Company against the Lords' House of Parliament was a breach of their Lordships' privileges,' and following up their resolution by deeds, fined Sir Samuel Barnardiston, Chairman of the Company, and Member of Parliament, five hundred pounds. He refused to pay, and the Lords committed him to prison."

"Bravo!" exclaimed M. Vieuxtemps. "That was acting with vigor and decision—ever the true secret of success."

"Perhaps so when the opposing forces are pretty equal in substantive power, but availing little to either of the other estates of the realm in a contest with the Commons."

"Well, but what," said Herr von Blunderblast, "they send a troop of cavalry to rescue their member by force?"

"Not they. But having resolved that to bring 'original' suits before the Peers was illegal, they directed the sergeant-at-arms to seize Skinner, and shut him up in Newgate for 'contempt' of the Honorable House; and the ultimate result was the liberation of Barnardiston without payment of the fine, and the suppression of the original jurisdiction of the Lords; it being well understood that the Commons would send any and everybody to Newgate, by warrant of Mr. Speaker, who should bring, or assist in bringing, an original suit before the Peers."

"Upon my word!" said Herr von Blunderblast, "a very decisive mode of action, and, I doubt not, much more effectual in the long-run than horse, foot, and artillery. But you were saying the Peers, about the same time, had a narrow escape of losing the appellate authority, the exercise of which we are about to witness."

"In 1675 their lordships, in proceedings in the appeal case of Shirley *versus* Sir John Fagg, compelled members of Parliament to appear as respondents. This the Commons pronounced a breach of privilege, and the ever-ready sergeant-at-arms seized four counsel who had pleaded in the cause before the Peers, and committed them to Newgate for contempt."

"They did!" exclaimed M. Vieuxtemps; "but where was the King that he did not interfere to prevent so audacious an act of arbitrary power?"

"I am sure I cannot say; for aught I know—in the words of the nursery rhyme—

'The King was in his palace, counting out his money;'

but wherever his majesty might have been, neither the King, 'nor all the King's horses, and all the King's men,' could get a prisoner for 'contempt' out of the clutches of the Commons during their session. Even the writ of *habeas corpus* is powerless to do that; and were it not so, I do not well see how they could efficiently exercise many of their highest functions—the impeachment, for instance, of great officers of state, and the supervision of the law courts, the judges of which they can compel to appear at the bar of the House to answer for neglect or corruption in the performance of their duties. The Lords, however, tried a fall with the Commons, and another illustration of the necessary result following a collision between the vessel of porcelain and that of iron was afforded. They directed the gentleman usher of the black rod, their executive officer, to liberate the four counsel: he did so. The sergeant-at-arms, by order of the Commons, retook them, and for better security lodged them in the Tower. The Lords armed their gentleman usher of the black rod with a writ empowering him to release the barristers by force from their new custody: the Lieutenant of the Tower applied to the House of Commons for instructions, and was ordered to retain the prisoners in defiance of any command to liberate them not issuing from themselves. The final upshot of these complicated disputes, which lasted over several years, was, as I have stated, the loss of the original jurisdiction of the Peers, and the permitted retention of the appellate functions, saving, of course, 'the undoubted privileges of the Commons.' But here we are in Abingdon Street once more, and at the temporary entrance of their Lordships' new House."

"Shall we be admitted without orders?"

"There is no necessity for any orders when the House is sitting as a court of justice. By the way, if any of your friends should merely wish to see the interior of the House, they can do so on every Wednesday and Saturday, by application at the Lord Chamberlain's Office just below, on this same side of the way. Any decently-attired person can have a pass-paper by merely giving his address in writing. But let us in."

"Those eternal wigs again!" said M. Vieuxtemps *sotto voce*, as we reached the space below the bar of the gilded gorgeous chamber.

"They are arguing an appeal from a Chancery judgment to the House of Lords."

"But where is the House of Lords?" inquired Herr von Blunderblast.

"Those three gentlemen seated on the scarlet-cushioned benches, are the House of Lords on this occasion. Three Peers suffice to make a House; and three being present, the House is complete."

"A curious House!" remarked M. Vieuxtemps, after having listened to and watched the proceedings for about a quarter of an hour. "One of the three Peers sitting in judgment upon the decree of a Lord Chancellor is busy with a newspaper; another is reading a letter; and the third, who alone appears to listen, every now and then starts up, walks about the House with his hands in his pockets, and interrupts counsel in the strangest manner."

"The Peer reading the newspaper is a captain in the royal navy: he absorbed in the letter is a general officer; and the third is the law Lord, who is hearing and will decide this appeal. The two others have been caught, and retained merely to make a House, and will have no more really to do with the decision, than you or I."

"Look!" hastily whispered Herr von Blunderblast; "the law Lord has shot out of the House by the red curtain yonder."

"He has retired for a short time only; and as proceedings are necessarily suspended during his absence, you have leisure to look around and give me, slightly above your breath, your opinion of this dazzling Chamber."

"A splendid place certainly; but—" M. Vieuxtemps paused. "But what an overpowering glare of gilding and lavish ornament! The stained windows are powerless to shade or soften such a mass of gilded chairs, gilded pillars, gilded galleries, gilded candelabra, gilded ceiling, red cushions, red curtains, red woolsack—for that enormous square ottoman in front of the Queen's Chair of State, with its enamels and crystals, is, I conclude, the woolsack—red, blue and gold color, in lavish profusion! It is certainly a very dazzling, glittering Chamber; but hardly suitable, it seems to me, for a hall in which legislative business is to be transacted."

"It is the Peers' House, you remember—the chamber in which Her Majesty meets and addresses the two Houses. The Commons' House will have little or no gilding; and, after all, it is solid oak which the glittering gold-leaf covers and conceals."

"Surely," said Herr von Blunderblast, "this Chamber could not contain the British Peerage, between four and five hundred in number?"

"Certainly it would not seat them. The benches on each side, with red morocco cushions, will hold about two hundred and fifty; then there are the cross-benches in front of us; and the light, elegant, side-galleries. But it is very seldom indeed, that half the Peers are present. The custom in this House of voting by proxy, except in Committee, tends of course greatly to diminish the average attendance."

"The chair on the right of the Queen's, is, I perceive by the triple plume above it, intended for the Prince of Wales. Has His Royal Highness yet occupied it?"

"Not yet; but I daresay it will not be long before he takes part in the splendid pageantry of opening or prorogueing Parliament."

"That must be a magnificent scene, and a very trying one, I should suppose, to a young female sovereign."

"Her Majesty appears in it to great advantage, enacting her part in the gorgeous ceremonial with inimitable dignity and grace—a grace and dignity which lessons could not teach. Her reading of the speech is singularly fine, purely intonated, and clear, effective, and musical as a silver-bell."

"The House is, I suppose, generally full upon such occasions?"

"It has always been so during this reign. The *coup d'œil* of the House when the Queen enters, thronged as it is with Peers and Peeresses, gorgeously naval and military uniforms, [illegible] sleeves, foreign diplomatists covered with orders and crosses, is magnificent; and after Her Majesty is seated, her ladies and pages have arranged her splendid robe, and she commands her faithful Commons to be summoned, there is another, and especially if she be there to prorogue the Parliament, a far more impressive character of power impressed upon the scene. Mr. Speaker enters, followed by a mass of unruly members, jostling each other for a good place, and filling to overflow the space below the bar in which we are now standing. As soon as silence is obtained, the right honorable gentleman addresses the Queen, enumerates the chief labors of the session, and concludes by presenting the Supply and Appropriation Bills, reserved for the occasion, and prays Her Majesty's assent to them; which assent is accordingly given in the old formula used only for this particular Bill:—'La Reine remercie ses bons sujets, accepte leur benevolence, et ainsi le veut—' ('The Queen thanks her good subjects, accepts their gift or benevolence, and so wills it.') One feels that those ordinarily-attired men, with their Supply-Bill, are the many-shafted column which supports and gives height and true magnificence to the richly-capitalled, the gorgeously-domed edifice, which, with all its incongruities, stretches its ample and majestic roof over one of the noblest societies of freemen the world has ever witnessed."

"But surely the Peers are the Upper, the Commons the Lower House?" remarked M. Vieuxtemps.

"In name, yes. The shadow has remained, though the substance has long since departed. The Lords' House, albeit, has still deep roots in the tenacious soil which it once overshadowed. Its historic names, vast wealth, unquestionable patriotism, and moderating influence upon the possibly too hasty speed of legislation, maintain, and will long maintain it as a virile and independent estate of the realm; but in substantive power the Houses have gradually, during the last five hundred years, changed places. I will give you an illustration of the silent revolution in this matter which has occurred. Forms with us, provided they be only forms, and in reality not injurious, are very, very slowly discarded. Thus it happens that when the House disagree with respect to changes in any measure under discussion, and mutually appoint 'managers' to meet each other and explain on both sides the reasons of disagreement, the Lords' managers, on meeting the Commons' managers, sit down with their hats on, the Commoners remaining upstanding and uncovered. The Lords of course being gentlemen as well as Peers, immediately the custom is vindicated, uncover, and the Commoners seat themselves. Well, in a room belonging to the Peers' House where this *bizarre* ceremony had been exhibited, there were placed, or were about to be placed, last year, by desire of the Peers, three pictures by Landseer, of which the cost was a few thousand guineas. The Commons, who approach their Lordships uncovered, refused them this trifling gratification: the money was struck out of the miscellaneous estimates, and the Peers obliged to forego their pictures."

"It did not require such an instance to convince me that your pretended monarchy is but a rampant democracy, its plebeian limbs concealed beneath ermined robes, and its truculent brow veiled by a royal diadem," said M. Vieuxtemps.

"That, my dear sir, is a gross exaggeration, permit me to say: the aristocratic element is very powerful in this country, and the monarchical principle, as we understand and honor it, remained not only erect, but unshaken amidst the crash a year or two ago of falling thrones and dynasties."

"The royal assent is not always given to bills in the terms you have mentioned?" said Herr von Blunderblast.

"No; there are three other forms. To an ordinary public bill the form is, 'La Reine le veult' ('The Queen wills it.') To a private bill: 'Soit fait comme il est desiré' ('Let it be done as desired.') To a bill embodying a petition or declaration of a *right*, as in the time of Charles the First, the form is 'Soit *droit* fait comme il est desiré' ('Let *right* be done as desired.')"

"I wonder," said M. Vieuxtemps, "these vestiges of Norman domination should be retained: they must tend to keep alive humiliating recollections."

"Humiliating recollections! Oliver Cromwell, to be sure, abolished them, and gave his assent to laws in plain English, but the old form came back with the Restoration; and here, by-the-bye, is the law Lord back again, and as neither of us has, I suppose, any overpowering desire to listen to further eloquence in the matter of this Chancery appeal, we had better adjourn to Bellamy's for the hour or so which will elapse before the Peers sit as legislators."

"Bellamy's! What is Bellamy's?" asked Herr von Blunderblast.

"A highly constitutional institution connected with the House of Commons, and domiciled in the same building: in other words, a very excellent hotel, in which members take dinner, wine, punch, and toddy from long custom, quite certain that the division-bell will summon them in time for the most important part of their duties: Bellamy's is also, I am happy to say, open to other persons, not being members, who have money in their pockets."

After we had dined, it was time to return to the House of Lords. I had provided myself with Peers' orders, and we, consequently, the House being assembled, were soon in the Strangers' Gallery, very inconveniently situated behind that of the Reporters.

"Ah! there is the Lord Chancellor we saw the other day seated on the woolsack," said M. Vieuxtemps; "but who is that big-wigged gentleman on the crimson ottoman in front of him?"

"That is Mr. Baron Parke, come, I suppose, to read a unanimous judgment of the Judges of the Common-Law Courts upon some point submitted to them by their lordships. It is so: hark!"

"Do the Peers always govern themselves by this opinion?" asked Herr von Blunderblast.

"It is very rarely they do not. One exception was O'Connell's case, before mentioned, a great majority of the judges having pronounced the proceedings of the Irish Court to be perfectly legal. This Mr. Baron Parke, however, dissented from that opinion. When the judges are not of one mind they attend and deliver their opinions *seriatim*."

"That is a bishop, I suppose," remarked M. Vieuxtemps, "on the upper bench to the right of the Chancellor; but how is it he does not wear his mitre?"

"His lordship being the junior bishop, has attended to say prayers. As to mitres, the bishops of the English Established Church only wear them on their coach-panels and signet-seals. That venerable-looking Peer on the same side of the House, who is presenting a petition, is the President of the Council—the most Noble the Marquis of Lansdowne. Nearly opposite to him you observe a Peer of something more than fifty years of age; his eye up fire with youthful energy, and his whole countenance alive with an expression of fearless combativeness: that is Lord Stanley, the present leader of Her Majesty's Opposition in the Peers."

"A man of *nerve*," observed M. Vieuxtemps. "That is perceptible at a glance. But how thin the House is! and how handsome and roomy compared with your boisterous, crowded Commons!"

"There are between twenty and thirty Peers present, and that is quite an average House.—There is an immense difference between speaking before so sparse and unenthusiastic an audience as this and addressing the House of Commons. The reporters, however, supply their Lordships with an immense audience; and the reader of the debates little imagines that the fiery speech, interrupted with 'loud cheers,' [illegible] or six elderly gentlemen only."

"What is this interruption?" asked M. Vieuxtemps, as Sir George Grey, accompanied by several members, appeared at the bar with several bills passed by the Commons.

"It is the Home Secretary," I answered, presenting, in the customary form, various bills passed by the Commons. The clerk, you perceive, takes them; their titles are announced in a loud voice; a record of their presentation is entered on the Lords' journals; and they are frequently, if public bills, read a first time at once. The Lords send their bills or messages to the Commons by two masters in Chancery."

"Who is that Peer, talking privately with the Lord Chancellor?"

"An Irish Representative Peer; but I forget his name for the moment."

"Irish *Representative* Peer—what is the meaning of that?"

"The Irish and Scottish Peerages do not all sit in this House individually; they choose a certain number of their order, as settled by the Acts of Union, to represent them. The Irish Representative Peers—twenty-eight in number—are chosen for life; the Scottish—sixteen in number—for each Parliament. The Crown has power to add to the numbers of the Scotch and Irish Peers in this House, but English Peers Her Majesty may create *ad libitum*."

"What, then, becomes of the independence of the House of Peers, if the Queen can at any moment swamp them by new creations?" asked M. Vieuxtemps.

"The unlimited right of the Crown to create Peers is one of the weapons, in the armory of the Constitution, which can never be wielded, except in extreme cases, in which the Ministers of the Sovereign are supported by an overwhelming majority of the Commons. The only instance I remember of the creation of Peers, specially for the purpose of swamping a hostile majority, was by Sir Robert Walpole, who induced the Monarch to create twelve in one day for that purpose: a witty Peer of that day asked them whether they intended to vote individually or by their *foreman*: nevertheless it is essential the *power* should be lodged in the Crown. The mere menace of exercising it dissipated, a few years ago, a very great danger to the State."

"Who is that stooping, white-headed gentleman, whom everybody greets and shakes hands with? I cannot see his face."

"If you had seen it, you would not have asked the question: that is the world-famous Duke of Wellington. He seats himself, you perceive, on one of the cross-benches, and he has, I daresay, fifty or sixty proxies in his pocket, to be used as [illegible] fit. He exercises a vast moral influence in this House; but since the death of Sir Robert Peel, in whose legislative wisdom he appears to have placed implicit confidence, he has meddled very little with active politics."

"The debate is very gentlemanly," observed Herr von Blunderblast; "very courteous, and strangely dull. The Peers fight with the gloves on—to borrow an illustration from one of your national sports—whilst the Commons appeared to strike with naked hands, and draw blood at every stroke."

"Yes; and see, decorous and gentle as it has been, it is already over: the House is about to adjourn, and we must begone."

"Well, gentlemen, how say you—have I redeemed my pledge? Is a free Constitution compatible with a great monarchy, M. Vieuxtemps?"

"Well, perhaps; mais—"

A shrug of the shoulders completed and pointed the sentence.

"And you, Herr von Blunderblast, are you satisfied that an effective military system can coexist with the supremacy of a Representative Government?"

"Yes—that is, if it hath grown up during centuries, and entwined itself with the habits, traditions, manners, thoughts—with the life of the people, as it were, the humblest as well as the highest—but the thing I can see no more be made, manufactured, than a tree can."

"It is certainly a wonderful piece of mosaic," said M. Vieuxtemps.

"And it holds, you will admit, the Crystal Palace?"

"Yes, in a certain sense; mais—" said M. Vieuxtemps.

"There is a great deal of truth in that," remarked Herr von Blunderblast, simultaneously with M. Vieuxtemps; "aber—"

"Charing Cross! Bank!" shouted the conductor of an omnibus just passing. This invitation, reinforced by a few sharp drops of rain, drew us into the 'bus, and the discussion of M. Vieuxtemps's "mais," and Herr von Blunderblast's "aber," was by tacit consent postponed *sine die*.

Miscellaneous.

LIGHTNING RODS.

[illegible]

The effect of a house in Springfield, [illegible], struck by lightning on the [illegible] [illegible] lightning entered the house [illegible]

Rods made of No. 1 or No. 2 iron wire [illegible]

[illegible]

Insurance Companies in the city of New York make a deduction of two per cent. from the premium of insurance, on buildings furnished with lightning conductors.

No case of death by lightning in a building or vessel protected by a rod ... [illegible] and I know of no claim ever having been made upon Underwriters for loss or damage by lightning to a vessel furnished with lightning conductors. [illegible] lightning, and I have never heard of loss of life by lightning on board of a steamboat, and but one case of a person being stunned by lightning while on board of a steamer. These facts are conclusive in favor of lightning conductors.

LOUIS NAPOLEON.

I extract from the journal of a friend, a slight sketch of the present appearance of the President. I was struck by the tinge of melancholy upon his countenance, to which the writer refers:

At the fete of St. Cloud, I had a good opportunity of seeing Louis Napoleon. As it was the first time, it may be easily believed that I looked with all my eyes. He was about entering the Orangery, where the refreshment table was set out. On his right arm was the Marchioness of Normanby. As he advanced through a crowded line, on either hand, he stopped aside two or three times to shake hands with ladies whom he knew, and whose eager eyes seemed to force him a moment from his orbit.

I had become familiar, from busts and pictures, with the appearance of Louis Napoleon, and if I had met him, anywhere I should have known him instantly, without a prompter. His general aspect, in the engravings represent him, is grave, square and heavy; but the living person affords a minute and interesting study, as well as on account of his strange fortunes as his present position.

Louis Napoleon is a little under size—say five feet eight inches high—with rather broad and square shoulders, a somewhat thick neck, and a German rather than French head. His complexion and expression, his wide face, his ample brain, expanded at the sides and rather lowered at the forehead, all would have led me, had I seen him without knowing him, to say he was a German. His hair is dark brown, his moustache very many, and reddish brown; eyes dark greyish blue, almost covered by thick and folded eyelids, and shaded by heavy, bushy eyebrows. His movements are simple, natural and moderate, with a touch of dignity, which, is the more effective, as it seems suggestive of something more behind it.

On the whole, Louis Napoleon might pass in the crowd as an ordinary man, unambitious at heart, bound to no fame by fortune, consecrated to no high purpose or achievement by Providence. I looked intently at his countenance for some trace of Josephine, whose blood beat in his heart, but in vain. I looked again for the semblance of the great Napoleon, of whose lineage he is, whose name he bears, whose empire he all but wields. It may be fancy, yet I thought I could perceive something of that sadness so impenetrable, so fathomless, so mystical, which was characteristic of the Emperor. It is, however, slight, and has not the repulsive Asiatic gloom which blackened and rendered terrible the clouded countenance of the Corsican. On the contrary, Louis Napoleon's face is decidedly benevolent, his smile is pleasing, and the play of his features rather social and genial; yet there is a sadness and a tinge of mystery about him like that of a man trained to disappointment, and little accustomed to hope; one who has realized the world by himself, not refusing sympathy, nor yet deigning to ask it; one who is accustomed to be looked on as a riddle, which he could not, or would not, solve. He does not look discontented, nor the contrary; neither happy nor unhappy; neither exalted nor dejected. His general expression is that of steadiness, self-possession, modesty, with an air of melancholy which irresistibly invites sympathy and begets favor—the more, perhaps, because of the blaze of pomp and power with which he is surrounded, and which he seems to command.—I can very easily comprehend, now, the power which Louis Napoleon exercises over a considerable part of the people of France, in spite of the difficulties of his situation, and the many things, good or ill, which he has done, and which of necessity have often fallen with annoying emphasis upon the clashing interests of parties, cliques and cabals.

"THE FILIBUSTERS."—This term is not generally understood, but the New Orleans paper, which gives the definition, says, "It was familiarly used in the French and other languages, as descriptive of a class of adventurers of all nations, who, during the last half of the seventeenth century, infested the West India Islands and the coasts of Central America, for the purpose of plunder, and who were in English more commonly termed Buccaneers. The term was derived from the Spanish name of a light-boat, a vessel then in common use in the West Indies."

☞ "The motto of the [illegible] city of New Bedford, *Lucem Diffundo*, 'I diffuse light,' is both witty and highly appropriate for a city, whose light shines so conspicuously before men." So says an exchange, but, considering the unsullied quality of all the oil now-a-days, we differ from it.

NAPOLEON IN EGYPT.

[illegible]

"Fair Fashions for Autumn.—All the brilliant toilettes appear to have left Paris for Vichy and Baden. Still, as the fashions are made up in Paris, if we cannot see all the charming novelties worn, we can glance at the collection and dresses at these various watering places. The materials, of course, are of the lightest textures imaginable. Poplin is superseded by the new Scotch [illegible], which is well adapted for travelling, because it does not tumble; and, as it is made without flounces, it can be packed in trunks without inconvenience. Now that embroidery is so much sought after, gowns are made the fashion—they are generally made of embroidered muslin, with pale *Parme*, the richest kind of embroidery. They are worn with large skirts, with flounced or upper kind of plaid patterns, trimmed with flounces. A scarf or plain painted shawl of black lace completes the charming morning visiting dress. For evening, light ball dresses, mostly of white muslin, are worn low; and the indispensable vestments of such a toilette are natural flowers. Our duty as chroniclers of fashion, obliges us to mention all novelties; it is with regret we have to speak of a fancy which appeared more than [illegible], but only as a fancy, when we considered it a failure; we think ladies not seriously our fashion to hesitate before they adopt the innovation. What think you of a waistcoat—a man's waistcoat—of white piqué, with diamond or malachite buttons!—*Times*.

Clippings.

"A few sunny pictures in simple frames shrined,
A few precious volumes—the wealth of the mind;
And here and there treasured some rare gem of art,
To kindle the fancy, or soften the heart;
Thus richly surrounded, why should I roam;
Oh! am I not happy, most 'happy at home'?"

☞ It was among the loveliest customs of the ancients to bury the young at morning twilight; for, as they strove to give the softest interpretation to death, so they imagined that Aurora, who loved the young, had stolen them to her embrace.

☞ It is gravely stated by the Bangor Mercury, that "Goose-eggs as large as a hail-stone fell recently in a shower at Danbury, Conn."

☞ A ship from Port Glasgow was recently lying in the harbor at New Orleans, when an Irish emigrant one day came on board, and thus addressed the cook, who was also Irish—"Are you the mate?" "No," said he; "but I'm the man as bails the mate!"

☞ The Baton Rouge Advocate learns that a citizen of that place has discovered a new system for the manufacture of sugar, by which he can, with the ordinary machinery now in use, make a sugar perfectly white. The molasses, which will be in less quantities than at present, will also be changed into the ordinary natural syrup.

☞ "Proper words in proper places make the true definition of a style."—*Swift*.

☞ An Indiana paper refuses to publish long obituaries gratis, but adds:—"We will publish the simple announcement of the death of any of our friends with pleasure."

☞ A gentle heart is like ripe fruit, which bends so low that it is at the mercy of every one who chooses to pluck it, while the harder fruit keeps out of reach.

☞ Bayard Taylor has sailed on an excursion into the far interior of Africa. He expects to reach Cairo in sixty days from Philadelphia, and will thence proceed up the Nile a thousand miles or more, so as he may be able to find escorts. He expects to be absent about one year.

☞ An organized gang of counterfeiters is said to exist in Bucks and Montgomery Counties, extending from Norristown, on the Schuylkill, to New Hope, on the Delaware. Last week some arrests were made at Norristown, of persons believed to be connected with the gang.

☞ One of the Courts out West, a paper says, has decided that a man may whip his wife for one dollar—kiss any girl for five dollars—and bite off his neighbor's nose or ears for ten dollars.

☞ Why is a baker not a gentleman? Because he is a *loaf-er*.—*Knickerbocker*.

☞ QUERY.—If the practice of wearing men's apparel becomes general with the ladies, what is to become of the *side-saddles*?

☞ Be not affronted at a jest. If one throw salt at thee thou wilt receive no harm, unless thou hast sore places.

☞ An able bodied beggar was recently arrested at Providence, R. I. He had two distinct certificates—one stating that he had been blown up in Virginia, and the other in Massachusetts.—The Court came to the conclusion, after examining the two contradictory certificates, that it would be perfectly proper that he should be locked up for two months in Rhode Island, for fear he might be blown up in some other State.

☞ Spiritual knockings are all the rage in the State of Maine, where the municipal officers *knock* the heads out of all the casks of spirits that are brought into their territory. This is the only kind of "spiritual knockings" we have much faith in.

☞ Why is a jailer in danger of becoming corrupted? Because he keeps bad company.

☞ Twinge of smelt [illegible] double the [illegible] matter that [illegible].

☞ A GOOD FINANCIAL CONDITION.—Mexico owes about $100,000,000, has an income of $8,000,000 annually, and expends $11,000,000.

☞ A man of genteel appearance, whose name we did not learn, while taking a lunch at the Second Ward Hotel, with a most vigorous lunge, stuck a large, three-pronged dining-fork into his own mouth! He was not materially injured, there being a piece of cold roast lamb on the end of the weapon!

☞ TRUE PHILOSOPHY.—At Lowell, one day last week, a young married girl and a bachelor ran off; the husband saw them as they got seated in the cars, gave them three cheers, waved his hat, bade them enjoy themselves if they could, and then went back home a happy man.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1851.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THIS POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2 if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country, to one post-office:

4 Copies, - - - - $5 00 Per Annum.
8 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) $10 00 "
13 " (And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) $15 00 "
20 " (And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) $20 00 "

Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object in to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by letting them end in one volume when they can do so conveniently.

All persons ordering their papers to be sent to any address, are requested to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be postpaid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Eleventh Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our prospectus to some other intelligent and responsible person who will be willing to do so. It must be remembered that *the postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small weeklies.*

NOTICE.

As Mr. Justus White has resigned his Agency of the Post, in consequence of entering into another kind of business, we respectfully request such of our subscribers in the State of New York as have been in the habit of settling for his annual calls, to transmit their money to us direct.

THE CUBAN INVASION.

At the time of writing this, no certain news has been received of the fate of the Lopez expedition, though the probabilities are that it has been entirely dispersed, the most of its members slaughtered, and the remnants fugitives in the mountains and woods of Cuba. The true story of the fate of a portion of the adventurers is doubtless told in a letter from Adjutant Stanford, one of the fifty shot at Havana, and published in the New Orleans Picayune. His statement is as follows:

After landing in the Pampas, General Lopez, with the main body of his men, marched into the interior, leaving Colonel Crittenden and a force of one hundred and fourteen men to take charge of the baggage. They heard nothing of General Lopez for two days, when a note was received from him, ordering Colonel Crittenden and his command to join him at a town eight miles off.

They started off in obedience to the order and were attacked by 700 Spanish troops, and after a hard fight succeeded in repulsing them.

Colonel Crittenden, before he could form a junction with General Lopez, was attacked a second time by the Spanish troops, and completely routed.

The Patriots spent two terrible nights in the chaparral. Fifty of them succeeded in getting to boats, and were pushing off for New Orleans, when they were captured by the steamer Habanero.

The letter concludes by saying that we are all [illegible]

From other sources received at New Orleans, it appears that forty more of the same party, were surprised by the Spanish troops in a farm-house, taken prisoners, and shot—this would leave twenty-four unaccounted for.

As to the easy capture of this reserve, it may perhaps be explained by the fact that Col. Crittenden commanded the artillery; a large portion of the officers and men captured with him, doubtless belonged to that portion of Lopez's army, and in addition to their six field pieces, had only side-arms.

The Picayune has been shown letters from several of the victims, charging Gen. Lopez with deceiving them—with having disappointed them with the stories of receiving aid from the Creoles—that all those reported stories originated or were trumped up in the United States; while the True Delta publishes a letter from Mr. Gilman A. Cook, which says:

Stanton & Co.—My dear Friends—About 50 of us, Col. Crittenden's command, were taken prisoners yesterday, have not received our sentence yet, but no doubt we will all be shot before sunset. *Lopez, the scoundrel, has deceived us; there is no doubt but all those reports about the Cubans rising were all trumped up in New Orleans.* Lopez took nearly his command and deserted us—we were attacked by some five or seven hundred of the Queen's troops the second day after we landed. Our own gallant Col. Crittenden did all that any man could do—but *we saw we had been deceived* and retreated to the sea shore with the intention of getting off to our country if possible—got three boats and got off with the intention of coasting until we fell in with an American vessel, and were taken prisoners by the steamboat Habanero.

Another letter from H. T. Vienne, says:

Deceived by false visions, I embarked in the expedition for Cuba. We arrived, about four hundred in number, last week, and in about an hour from now, we, I mean fifty of us, will be lost. I was taken prisoner after an engagement, and, with fifty others, am to be shot in an hour.

The "Delta" publishes two short letters from Victor Kerr, one to his wife, bidding her adieu, and desiring her "never to marry again;" and another to five of his friends, saying that he dies "worthy of a Creole, a Louisianian and a Kerr."

The reported ill-treatment of the bodies of the fifty invaders shot at Havana, is still involved in great doubt. While letters are published purporting to be from individuals in Havana, giving a description of horrible barbarities, reliable witnesses upon the other side deny the truth of the story. The surgeon of the Cherokee states that he saw thirty-seven of the fifty-two shot, that they met their doom so heroically that their conduct commanded the respect of the mob, and that the bodies were treated with all proper respect and respectfully interred. It may also be added, as a fact of much interest and great weight in this connection, that the bodies of Kerr and Crittenden have been received by their friends in New Orleans, and nothing is said about their being in the least degree mutilated.

Since our last there has been a vast amount of indefinite and contradictory reports and letters published in the daily papers, with which we think it useless to trouble our readers. Decidedly the most reliable portion of it, which comes from American merchants of known character in Havana, represents the popular feeling as decidedly hostile to the invaders. Some even go so far as to state, that if the Captain General had not decreed the execution of the Crittenden party, he would have been deposed, and shipped back to Spain. One of these accounts says:

Fifty young men were brought up prisoners last night at 12 o'clock. They were shot this morning, and the streets and squares are ringing with the shouts, &c., of the negroes and Creoles, that they have had the pleasure of seeing fifty men shot at once, worth a *dozen bull-fights* which *they had to pay for*. I assure you the males is perfectly sickening. Considering that these men came over to help them to get their liberty, the Creoles might be quiet. They have not the courage to join any party who come to their assistance; and I hope the Spanish yoke which they complain of, will be ten times as severe. They deserve no liberty or sympathy from freemen.

The "Journal of Commerce" states, that it was recently called upon by an intelligent American, who has resided for a number of years in Cuba, who bears testimony to the general loyalty of the inhabitants. He says:

The great reliance of the Government is not upon the army, which may or may not be trustworthy under unpopular circumstances, but upon 70,000 citizens, of a particular class, many of whom have formerly been soldiers in Spain, and are now engaged in various branches of business, the success of which is in a great measure dependent upon the prevalence of public tranquility. All these are indignant at the frequent interruption of their pursuits by petty invasions, and, in the opinion of our informant, would be able and willing if called upon by the Government, to defeat not only the filibusters, but the army itself, should the latter prove unfaithful, into the sea.

We confess that our own impressions have always been different—we have been inclined to believe that a majority of the inhabitants of Cuba would gladly throw off the Spanish yoke. And [illegible]

[illegible] Every [illegible] they [illegible] of this [illegible].

"There shall be a firm and inviolable peace and sincere friendship between the United States and their citizens, and his Catholic Majesty, his successors and subjects, without exception of persons and places."

Now so long as the above pledge is not [illegible], the Government is bound to do all it lawfully may to prevent its violation. And are not the people of the United States also somewhat bound? Is it not our solemn engagement with Spain both by our national honor, and by our regard for an honest reputation, any character both for honesty and honor? If we are determined no longer to maintain a "firm and inviolable peace and sincere friendship" with Spain, let us first annul our treaty with her, and then act a manly and honest part. If we want Cuba, let us go about it openly and honorably; and let it be our own considered and determined act,—let us not be dragged into it without reflection by the foolish frenzy of an unthinking few, but, having counted the cost, in treasure, of life, and of character, and weighed the probable results, let us come with grave and serious steps, and take this fact into that great Court of Appeals, whose verdict we must [illegible].

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

A correspondent of the Boston Telegraph, in commenting upon the public schools of that city, tells some truths that are not altogether inappropriate (if we are not misinformed) to this city and State. He says:

The time was when the studies required in the Public Schools were few, and they were thoroughly taught. The knowledge obtained was not superficial, but sound—the pupils knew and understood what they learned.

Reading, spelling, grammar, geography, arithmetic and writing were all the branches required in our Grammar Schools, and these branches were well taught. And a thorough knowledge of these branches is all that is now required for admission into the High School. If a pupil can pass a good examination in these rudiments, he is sure of being admitted.

The fault of the School Committee is, that they have been for the last ten or fifteen years continually increasing in their requisitions upon the teachers and pupils. New studies and new books have been introduced, till we may say with Solomon, of making books there is no end. In this way books are constantly used, and, abolished, the mental soil is lightly harrowed over, and ploughed deeply, and the produce is [illegible] of a sickly growth.

Studies have been introduced into the Grammar and Writing Schools, which were never intended to be taught there. Studies which [illegible] belong to Latin Schools, are [illegible] which the English High School was originally established. Studies that the teachers of the Grammar Schools cannot teach, not because they are not competent to the task, but because, with such a host around them, with a multiplicity of other cares, they have no time to devote to them. The English High School is, moreover, provided with an abundance of instruments and philosophical apparatus, of which the other schools have none, or at least a small and imperfect set. Change and innovation are not always improvements, and those made by the School Committee for many years past have been a serious injury to the Common Schools.

The remedy is to go back to first principles—teach a few things and teach them well, and cease to skim over a great surface.

The writer professes to know something about the Public Schools, having had, and now has, children in them, and having been a teacher in one of them for a long period of years, he can speak what he knows and bear witness to what he has seen. The time was when it was a rare thing for a pupil from one of the Public Schools to be rejected at the High School. The writer can say with truth that during a period of nearly twenty years he offered as many pupils for admission into the High School as were sent from any other Public School, and never had a single one rejected. He claims no merit in this, for it was due to the system then in operation. [illegible] qualify was able to teach them well. Boys then were instructed more in reading, but less in algebra—more in arithmetic, but less in philosophy—more in spelling, but less in astronomy—more in writing, but less in physiology. In fact they were taught to walk before any attempts were made to show them how to walk, about upon stilts before they were able to go alone.

It is hoped that the Superintendent of the Public Schools will see the evil of having so many studies pursued in the schools, and recommend to the School Committee a reduction in them; and in consequence a diminution in the number of books now used. I noticed during the last year that my son attended one of the Grammar Schools, he carried daily to school *eleven* different books. An author writes a book; the publisher sends a copy to each member of the School Committee; some one recommends its introduction into the schools, the publisher offering to furnish them at a very low price at first. In this way new books are introduced, and there is a continual changing of books, and much unnecessary expense is caused. In regard to books and studies great reform is needed, and if the newly elected Superintendent does his duty, the public will soon witness a great improvement in the evil complained of.

In connection with this subject, we may say now what we have had it on our mind to say for some time—that no man connected with the publication business should be elected a member of any Board of School Directors. We have reason to believe that certain publishers of school books seek these offices, in order that they may be able to extend their business. This, in our opinion, is contemptible; and should be put a stop to. Let the books designed for schools be fairly selected by an entirely impartial Committee. Neither does it follow that even a *good* new work should be introduced into our schools, unless it is worthy of being substituted for an inferior one, or has great and peculiar claims. The amount of study which some children are forced to do, is enough to ruin their physical constitution, and prevent the healthy and well-proportioned growth of the mind. Such foolish and unnatural culture may make learned pedants, but it will never make truly wise men.

THE HILLOTYPES.

Mr. Hill expects to be able to exhibit his colored Daguerreotypes to the public early in September. A committee will examine the first specimens and report—then his friends and neighbors of Westkill will be allowed to contemplate them—then New York, Philadelphia, the United States, the World, and "the rest of mankind," including the Cuban authorities and the Philipbusters.

One of the journals, in making the important announcement which we have condensed as above, says of Mr. Hill:

He has gained for himself a crown of never-fading laurels, and stamped upon the pages of history, as indelibly as the *mountains* that surround it, the name of WESTKILL.

There's eloquence for you! *Stamped* as indelibly as a *mountain*; in other words, piled up as conspicuous and eternal as an everlasting ditch!

MR. CALHOUN'S OPINION.

Gen. Gonzales, second in command to Lopez, and who (notwithstanding the reports to the contrary) still remains upon American soil, attempts a contradiction in one of the Southern papers of the assertion that Mr. Calhoun was opposed to the annexation of Cuba. This contradiction, however, simply amounts to this—That in 1843, Mr. Calhoun was in favor of Annexation; that he afterwards changed his opinion, and wrote the letter against it, an extract from which we published last week; but that Gen. Gonzales *thinks* that if Mr. Calhoun were now living, he would again alter his opinion, and advocate annexation. To all which we can only say, that "he mought, and then again he mought'nt."

TOADYISM.

A young lady of Indiana, has devoted six months in working a quilt, to be presented by her to Queen Victoria.

We do hope there is no truth in the above. Why should any young lady toil six months to be laughed at both by her own countrymen and the English people—Queen Victoria included!

ENLISTMENT OF MINORS.—An exchange says:

The enlistment of minors has become a source of so much loss to the United States, that the officers of the army and marine have been obliged to retaliate when an enlisted man is claimed as a minor, by causing him, immediately upon his discharge, to be arrested and imprisoned on a charge of obtaining money and clothes under false pretences. This has been found to be the only real check upon the evil, and it is more than likely that if it is pursued rigorously towards all offenders of the kind, the practice will soon disappear. It has been already tried in several cases with complete success, the minor or his friends being found very glad to compromise the matter by his remaining in the service.

If we understand the above, the law says that minors shall not be enlisted, but the officers manage to make them serve notwithstanding.—Such "compromises" are themselves unlawful.

NEW ORLEANS RIOT.

[illegible]

We are glad to [illegible] of the Ministers of the Spanish Consul and [illegible]

[illegible]

WOULD NOT BE AN EDITOR.

The "Boston Mercury" contains the following letter from a young man of talent, who was applied to by the publisher of a respectable paper to take charge of the editorial department. He states he is [illegible] for he has [illegible] a long time. We can hardly think it is the profession, of one who has never been a regular editor, without he exhibited in it the accumulated experience of toils and anxieties bent at the public behests. Still it is only one side of the picture. But to the letter:

"DEAR SIR,—I am exceedingly obliged to you for the kind and liberal offer contained in your letter, now lying before me. I should be most happy to serve you in any capacity other than that of the editor of a newspaper, or to become connected with you on equal terms as you propose in almost any other business. I had formed my opinion of the editorial profession some time ago, and upon reviewing the matter since your application came to hand, I find no reason to change my views of it. About two years since I visited Boston, and my cousin T——, the proprietor of [illegible] paper during a few weeks in which he was absent. [illegible] together with my observations [illegible], led me to conclude that the editorial profession is one of the most laborious and thankless ever engaged in by any man. And I do not say this because I am averse to literary labor, for on the contrary, it is my delight; but who that has a likelihood of brains, would consent to cudgel them up to the requirements of a daily or weekly journal? Who would dribble out his thoughts for the momentary amusement or gratification of a set of readers each week, when by an expenditure of [illegible]... [illegible] worthy of [illegible] to a position where he must write, whether the spirit 'moves' or fades away at the thought of a goose-quill? Who would voluntarily step himself in an editorial sanctum, where he must be worried by the 'devil' and compelled to honor his drafts for 'copy'? The newspaper is, without doubt, a glorious institution. We cannot live without newspapers. They are the medium through which an incalculable amount of information and amusement are transmitted to the minds of the people. Through them the politician stimulates the public mind in regard to his favorite men and schemes. Through them the merchant and manufacturer operate upon the markets. Through them the author becomes known to the world. By newspapers the world is led upon our [illegible] with [illegible] every [illegible].

"The newspaper is, in short, a fine thing for everybody except its editor. He, unless he is so stupid as the ass, or so unfeeling as the rhinoceros, occupies a most uncomfortable position. Whatever life of the foot and the spirit would him, he is required to furnish each week just so much matter on various topics, 'from grave to gay, from lively to severe.' His best thoughts must be thrown into the columns of a paper which is read to-day, and to-morrow used to wrap groceries. He must write rapidly, and when his articles have been given, without revision, to the printer, he must [illegible] as they were written, dissected, by [illegible] at the 'art preservative,' he is then [illegible] the random remarks of what he wrote at.' He must toil all the week at copying, writing, and proof-reading, and, at the end of the week—after the weekly publication is over—with a horrid sense of the imperfections of his labors, imperfections incident to the hurry in which they were prepared, and errors against which he has fought in the proof-sheet, but which have triumphed ignobly at the last—with the weight of all these pressing upon a brain which is in a condition similar to that of a squeezed sponge, his only consolation is in the fact that a similar task for the coming week lies directly before him, to be accomplished in some way which his benumbed and exhausted faculties can by no means discover! And all the end of a series of years, what has he accomplished? He has written over some acres of manuscript, but they have gone like the summer clouds and the foam of the sea. He may be fortunate enough to possess a 'file' of his paper, but this is the only monument left to remind him of his labors. His brain is hackneyed, he has grown prematurely old, but the world which has been fed, instructed, and is now driving its carriage at his expense, knows little of him—cares nothing for him, and he may consider himself peculiarly fortunate if a pack of hungry creditors are not baying on his track. Indeed, the poor devil of an editor, if he will only sit down and indulge in a careful retrospection, will find that he has been used as an instrument in carrying on the chief business enterprises of the world—in pushing forward moral, social and political reforms, in educating and amusing the masses of the people, for a very small compensation. He has, perhaps, eaten his bread and occupied narrow lodgings, as the fruit of his toil; he has been caressed by persons whose interested motives were sticking out of the breast-pockets of their coats; he has been bored, also, in the most disinterested manner by impudent men of leisure. He has received some dozens of free-tickets to entertainments, for which he was bound to pay twice their value in puffs; he has listened to some bores, praising the press, by orators of whose speeches good reports were expected. But he has frittered away the products of his intellect, and indulged so long in mental dissipation, that he is unfitted for any thing else but hack-writing, and so he lives and dies a miserable hack.

"Such are my views of the editorial profession; and I must confess that I have not the requisite spirit of self-sacrifice to engage in it. I must, therefore, beg permission to leave it to such as may be driven to it by the force of circumstances, or attracted to it by mistaken and exaggerated notions of its pleasures or emoluments."

WOMEN IN EUROPE.

It is astonishing to an American to see the amount of out-door labor performed by the females in Europe. They always far out-number the men in the fields, hoeing, ploughing, reaping, mowing; in fact the whole routine of husbandry. Whether they really out-number the males in the census of the population, is a statistical fact of which I am not possessed, but that they do exceed the males in the *manual* labor of husbandry, I am perfectly satisfied from close observation. I have seen men in the fields with shoes, stockings, and even leggings on, and by their side their wives and daughters bare-footed. It is a sight of daily occurrence along the road to see women dragging small carts, loaded with the products of the farm, on their way to market or from the fields, and it is a rare sight to see one walking along the road who is not busily engaged in knitting or spinning, with the old-fashioned distaff as they go. Let it be as it may elsewhere, man is certainly the lord and master here, and an errant tyrant he proves to be, and I cannot blame Mrs. Swisshelm and her compeers for battling courageously in behalf of the rights of the sex, after what I have seen in Europe.

The foregoing is from a letter of a travelling correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer. Mrs. Swisshelm who—with all her "women's rights" notions—gives great offence to her fellow-laborers in the same field, by obstinately adhering to the common and well-founded sentiment that each sex has its peculiar and appropriate duties, thus comments on the above account of the European women:

To us it would appear these women of Switzerland have, in one respect, got the other side of the *equality* for which some of our woman's rights folks are contending! Their right to do *one-half* of all the men's work appears to have been acknowledged some time ago, and they have progressed until now they get leave to do it nearly all. Whether the men make good housekeepers, our tourists do not say, but we will engage they do not. They look shallow and doubtful. You may teach women to do their work, but they never can be taught to do hers. So, that in our reasons why we are in favor of keeping them their own work to do, for if they should ever get rid of that, they will do nothing and worse than nothing; and if they should all live and keep their health until we should lift a stick it was a man's business to take up, the world by-and-bye will have a quantity of very aged and robust men.

THE TELEGRAPH.—We would advise our readers not to believe more than half which comes through the Telegraph now-a-days. Such is the eagerness of the newspapers for early news, that they print almost anything that is sent to them.

THE FILIBUSTERS.—A telegraphic account states that one thousand "Filibusters" are at New Orleans, waiting conveyance to Cuba, and that Gen. Felix Houston has assumed the command of, and will go out with them.

NAPOLEON.

On the fourth page of the present paper, our readers [illegible]

[illegible]

REPORTED SHOOTING OF MORE INVADERS.

A mercantile house of Baltimore, has received, by the Empire City, letters dated Havana, Aug. 23rd.

These, after mentioning the capture and execution of the fifty men at Havana, state that two hundred and five more were taken in three different parties by the Government troops, and shot soon afterwards.

The remainder, with Lopez, who was wounded, at their head, fled to the mountains. The troops pursued them, and it was thought they were captured to a man.

POISONOUS CANDY.

We have several times alluded to the poisonous nature of colored candies—but, as they are still exposed for sale, they probably are still purchased. The Albany Register states:

On an analysis of the green and red coloring matter of candy, they are found to be composed of *deadly poisons*; the former is made of Arsenite of Potash, and the latter generally of Lead and Mercury. Several cases, among children, which have resulted nearly in death, have recently occurred in this city, from eating green and red candies. The green is the most poisonous, and one of the largest kinds colored in that way, on analysis, was found to contain enough Arsenite of Potash to kill a child.

REFORM.

We see that a political movement is now being made among our Democratic friends in the Northern Liberties, to do away with the old Delegate System, and have the candidates for Mayor, Commissioners, &c., chosen by the vote of all the party in the District. If this movement succeeds, it will be a great blow to the small-beer politicians—"their occupation will be gone," as [illegible] says. We call the attention of city councilmen, of both parties, to this much abused and corrupt Delegate System. Abolish it as far as practicable.

THE BOXES.

The following toast was recently given at the celebration of a military company:

The Four Boxes which govern this world—The ballot-box—the jury-box—the cartridge-box, and the *band-box*!

Another box might well have been added—the *box on the ear*. This governs the juvenile world especially, more than all of the others.

MINOT'S LEDGE.

We should have added to the account on the first page of the destruction of the light-house at Minot's Ledge, that a little light-ship has been stationed there through the Summer. As it is not probable that this latter will be able to hold on to her moorings through the Autumn and Winter storms, the old light-house at Scituate will be lighted up with a single red light of the first class.

DOUBTFUL.—It is reported in Boston, that the entire British Naval force at Halifax, will shortly proceed to the vicinity of Cuba.

New Publications.

THE ELEMENTS OF ALGEBRA—Designed for Beginners. By ELIAS LOOMIS, M. A., Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in the University of New York, author of "Course of Mathematics," "Recent Progress of Astronomy," &c., &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

This book is intended to precede the "Treatise of Algebra," which we some time since received and noticed. It is "for the use of students who have just completed the study of Arithmetic;" and it is believed that any person, however young, who has acquired a tolerably thorough knowledge of the principles of that science, may proceed at once to this volume with pleasure and profit.

A MANUAL OF ROMAN ANTIQUITIES. With numerous illustrations. By CHARLES ANTHON, L. L. D., Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages in Columbia College, Rector of the Grammar School, &c., &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

This work, as stated in the Preface, has been prepared with much care from materials taken from the latest and best authorities. It is intended for the use of schools—and its value will readily be perceived by instructors. A Manual of Grecian Antiquities on the same plan, is in preparation and will soon appear.

TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES IN MEXICO: IN THE COURSE OF JOURNEYS OF UPWARD OF 2,500 MILES, PERFORMED ON FOOT. GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE PEOPLE, AND THE AGRICULTURAL AND MINERAL RESOURCES OF THE COUNTRY. By WILLIAM W. CARPENTER, late of the United States Army. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

This book is not devoid of interest, but as more brilliant works on the same subject are already before the public, we do not see that it has much chance for the success its author would desire.

THE FATE: A TALE OF STIRRING TIMES. By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq., author of "The Commissioner," "Henry Smeaton," "The Old Oak Chest," &c., &c., &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

This work has been commenced and completed in America, and the author hopes that the change of scene and of society may prove to have had a favorable influence upon his powers as a novelist. We do not ourselves perceive any difference in the quality of the fiction, but we commend it for judgment to the admirers of Mr. James.

THE LADY'S WREATH: A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND ART. Edited by HELEN IRVING. New York: J. M. Fletcher & Co.

The September number of this periodical is embellished with a steel plate called "The Dream," and a colored flower piece. The contributors are George Canning Hill, Lisa Morris, Rev. L. C. Brown, Park Moody, and others. From the pen of the editor is a prose article "Concerning Flowers," and a sweet love-poem entitled "Lillian."

RALPH RUTHERFORD: A NAUTICAL ROMANCE. By SIR ADMIRAL FISHER, author of "The Petrel," &c., &c. New York: H. Long & Brother. For sale by T. B. Callender, No. 2 South Third St., Philadelphia.

This is the second part and conclusion of a novel we have before noticed.

POSTSCRIPT.

LATER FROM CUBA.

The Schooner Merchant, from Havana, brings four days later news.

Gen. Lopez is said to have been successful in every engagement, and marching on Havana with from 1,500 to 2,000 men. Gen. Enna, the Spanish General, is said to have been killed.—Great excitement is said to prevail at Havana, and there are only 700 troops in the city.

The above news conflicts with all reliable previous advices.

STILL LATER.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 2.—The Government has received a telegraphic despatch, in six hours from New Orleans, giving advices from Havana to the 26th ult. Lopez still maintained himself, with a reduced force, and had not been joined by any Creoles. No reinforcements had gone from New Orleans.

Letters received at Charleston by the last arrival, by merchants, from some of the principal commercial houses at Havana, contradict entirely the reported success of Gen. Lopez and his party. The letters state that he has only one hundred and fifty men left, and that they would shortly be captured and destroyed.

☞ Do you wish to thrive? Do you wish to become famous in your business? Do you wish to be content when your notes become due? Then advertise in the *Post*, a paper which is read by everybody, "and the rest of mankind."

☞ YELLOW INK.—A little alum added to saffron and water makes a good yellow ink. Thicken with gum.

☞ The loss of a friend is like that of a limb. Time may heal the anguish of the wound, but the loss cannot be repaired.—*Southey*.

Original Sketch.

LONDON BURIALS.

[illegible]

BY D. W. BARTLETT.

I suppose that I will say something in the [illegible] about the burial places of London. [illegible] about the subject of late, and have visited several church-yards. Do not imagine the poet who to [illegible] graves [illegible] with all sections of London and [illegible] and long rows over the peculiar state! [illegible] there is very little of the [illegible] about the great London—but that society of grave folks and throngs of gay life here!

And yet I [illegible], for London has its cemeteries. There is Highgate Cemetery—I walked out there the other day that I might visit it, which I will some day describe to you, and Kensal Green, and [illegible] London." These are called London Cemeteries, but they are out of the city, and it is only the privileged, the wealthy, who get buried in such places. The common folks and the [illegible] die [illegible] in London. It hope to die here in London, but not in such places as these. It is seldom that a poor man sees [illegible] is not this something? It is the privileged ones who get buried in these beautiful places—where are the great masses of the people buried?

In Paris, city burials were long ago abolished. [illegible] is almost all the Parisians bury, but it is not so in London. I know that a few years since the subject was brought before Parliament, and facts elicited (which I will give you a sample of by-and-bye) which excited quite an excitement, and which resulted in good, but the practice is not yet abolished, as it should be, in every civilized city.

I am determined, then, to give you an insight into this unpleasant subject, for it is of the greatest importance that the inhabitants of American cities should, before they become any older, any larger, and more unhealthy, avoid the errors of European cities; and how could, without first knowing something about their errors? I am glad that Boston has her lovely Mount Auburn, and New York her noted Greenwood, and Philadelphia her beautiful Laurel Hill, and I only hope that in every city in our country, cemeteries outside the confines of the town may spring up, and that public opinion will not allow of such a thing as a burial-place within the limits of towns, since everybody must know the evils resulting from such a practice. Many times, in my walks about London, I have noticed the grave-yards attached to the churches, for in almost every case, they were elevated considerably above the level of the sidewalk, and in some instances, *five or six feet* above it. The reason was clear enough—it was the accumulation of human dust, and that, too, right in the centre of the largest city in the world.

I soon made the discovery that the burial business (do not be shocked, I beg you, reader, at my telling the unvarnished truth,) was a thriving trade here, a speculation into which many enter, and a great profit to the proprietors of the city churches, whether State or Dissenting. And upon reading proper authorities, I was shocked—thunder-struck at the state of things only three or four years ago, and which have been but slightly bettered since.

The facts which I state are but *too true*. They were sworn to by men to be trusted, before a Committee of the House of Commons, appointed by that body to search into this horrible burial trade.

St. Martin's Church, measuring 295 feet by 379, in the course of ten years received 14,000 bodies! St. Mary's, in the region of the Strand, covering only half an acre, has, by fair computation, during fifty years, received 20,000 bodies!

Did you ever read any thing more truly frightful?

But hear this; two men built, *as a mere speculation*, a Methodist church, in New Kent Road, and, in a mammoth vault underneath the floor of that church, forty yards long, twenty-five wide, and twenty high, 2,000 bodies were found, *not buried*, but piled up in coffins of wood, one upon the other! This, in all conscience, is terrible enough, but grows quite *humane* beside what I will relate. A church called Enon Chapel, was built some twenty years ago, *by a minister*, as a speculation, in Clement's Lane, in the Strand, close on to that busiest thoroughfare in the world. He opened the *upper part* for [illegible] separated from the upper merely by a board floor—to the burial of the dead. *In this place, sixty feet by twenty-nine, and six deep*, 12,000 *bodies have been interred!* It was dangerous to sit in that church; faintings occurred every day in it, and sickness, and for some distance about it life was in danger. And yet people, not really knowing the state of things, never thought of laying anything to the vault under the Chapel.

But perhaps you will exercise your arithmetical powers, and say that it would be impossible to bury 12,000 persons in so small a place within twenty years. You do not understand how the speculating clergyman managed his affairs. It came out before the Committee of the House of Commons, that *sixty loads* of "mingled dirt and human remains" were carted away from the vault at different times, and thrown into the Thames, the other side of Waterloo Bridge.—Once a portion of a load fell off in the street, and the crowd picked up out of it a *human skull*. It was no longer safe to cart away the remains, and yet the reverend speculator could not afford to lose his fine income from the burials, and so his ever-busy intellect invented a novel mode of getting rid of the bodies—*he used great quantities of quicklime!* But quicklime would not devour coffins, and so they were split up and burnt in secret by the owner of the chapel. Several witnesses swore to this before the Committee. Said one witness: "I have seen the man and his wife burn them; it is quite a common thing." Now, did you ever listen to a more awful state of things than this, and that, too, right in civilized London? I know it may be said in reply, that this state of things is bettered; true—and yet not much. I have myself looked into an open grave which was filled up with coffins to within a foot of the surface of the ground.

A friend of mine assures me he has seen things of late quite as terrible as anything elicited by the Committee of the House of Commons a few years ago. I dare not tell you what he told me he saw with his own eyes—you could not credit it. But I will go on with more of the facts testified to under oath before the Committee. It was proved that very many of the churches in London are in the habit of carting away the remains of bodies at intervals to make room for the later dead. St. Martin's in Ludgate, St. Anne's in Soho, St. Clement's in Portugal Street and many others were proved guilty of the practice.

Will you bear with me if I give you a little of the testimony of Mr. Chamberlain, grave-digger at St. Clements? He testified that the ground was so full of bodies that he could not make a new grave "without coming into other graves." He said: "We have come to bodies quite perfect, and we have cut parts away with choppers and pickaxes. We have opened the lids of coffins, and the bodies have been so perfect that we could distinguish males from females; and all those have been chopped and cut up. During the time I was at this work, the flesh has been cut up in pieces and thrown up behind the boards, which are placed to keep the ground up where the mourners are standing—and when the mourners are gone, this flesh has been thrown in and jammed down, and the coffins taken away and burnt."

An assistant grave-digger testified that happening to see his companions one day chopping off the head of a coffin, he saw that *it was his own father's!* Another digger testified that bodies were often cut through when they had been buried *only three weeks!* But here is something more horrible than ever Dante saw in hell. A Mr. Lyons, a grave-digger, in testifying to the difficulty of making new graves, the soil was so full of bodies, stated:—"One day I was trying the length of a grave to see if it was long enough and wide enough—and while I was there the ground gave way, and a body turned right over and the two arms came and clasped me round the neck."

I might go on for pages to quote fact upon fact, horrifying and terrible—but I presume you are ready to cry, "Hold!" for this is indeed an unpleasant subject, and I beg pardon for telling you what I have—only it was necessary for you to hear some of them to understand the subject, and they interest the world. London is a great city, but things are tolerated within her borders, of which the Hottentots would be ashamed!

You will easily see what effect such depositories of the dead in our midst must have upon health. Then there are yet many wells used in this city—many people drink well water, but that is nothing to the terrible effect these places must have upon the atmosphere. I will not grumble at smoke like that of a coal-pit, nor of a fog so dense that you can cut it—but the exhalations of such places as these—

And when I think of the thousands of poor wretches here, who must look forward to such a burial, it makes my heart ache. To think of a kind mother being buried so—of following a dear sister to such a grave! Thousands there are here, who, from poverty, must be buried in such grave-yards—does not your heart pity them?

[illegible] with this, that much though lovely [illegible] to the [illegible] [illegible] the places [illegible].

[illegible] more than the [illegible] at [illegible] to the ancient [illegible] of Lebanon and without [illegible] and all that is holy and beautiful. [illegible] the subdued [illegible]. [illegible] the [illegible] of a [illegible] and the [illegible] murmurs there. There was no noise, no [illegible], but the spirit of holy quiet. Gradually the shadows grew longer, until at last the burning sun drops down behind the Western hills, and the church-yard was in gloom.

A gentle breeze which sprang up and sighed among the Lebanon cedars in tones of sorrow [illegible] till gale waved to and fro over the graves [illegible] in after the close of a good man's life, closes the day.

And that spot is a place where one could love to weep over a dear departed friend. There, among the flowers and branches, mouldering and shadows, one could weep over a mother's or a sister's grave, and look forward to a home there in a place where to

"Wrap the drapery of his couch around him,
And lie down to pleasant dreams."

General News.

FREED AND ESCAPED SLAVES.—We are indebted to the Tribune for the following table of the fugitive and manumitted slaves from the Southern States during the year ending June 1st, 1850. These statistics are compiled from the official census tables:

STATES.	Fugitives.	Manumitted.	STATES.	Fugitives.	Manumitted.
Delaware	[illegible]	[illegible]	Mississippi	[illegible]	[illegible]
Maryland	[illegible]	[illegible]	Louisiana	[illegible]	[illegible]
Virginia	[illegible]	[illegible]	Texas	[illegible]	[illegible]
N. Carolina	[illegible]	[illegible]	Kentucky	[illegible]	[illegible]
S. Carolina	[illegible]	[illegible]	Tennessee	[illegible]	[illegible]
Georgia	[illegible]	[illegible]	Missouri	[illegible]	[illegible]
Florida	[illegible]	[illegible]	Arkansas	[illegible]	[illegible]
Alabama	[illegible]	[illegible]	Dis. Columbia	[illegible]	[illegible]
Total				1017	1017

Total number of Fugitives, 1,017
Total number of Manumitted, 1,014

It will be observed that there were only nineteen fugitives from Delaware. The reason is said to be, that slavery in Delaware is of the very mildest character—so when a slave does not like his master, he makes his escape without trouble into New Jersey or Pennsylvania.

AN INTERESTING PHENOMENA OF THE LATE TORNADO.—A fact connected with the late destructive tornado in Massachusetts, is mentioned in the Traveller. The apples from trees overturned by the wind, have the appearance of fruit that has been partially baked. They are dark-colored, and considerably softened. The whole apple does not, in every instance, present this appearance, it being only visible in spots on some, while on others it is more general. There are hundreds of bushels of apples in this condition, scattered along the trail of the whirlwind. The corn-stalks, too, that are prostrated, in many instances, it is said, present the appearance of having been blasted, or cut and dried for a considerable length of time. The editor of the Traveller, who rode out to see the mischief, says, such a scene we hope never again to witness.—It realized to us—as nothing ever before did—the meaning of the expression, "swept with the besom of destruction."

POUGHKEEPSIE SLAVE CASE.—A very light-colored, genteel-looking mulatto, named Bolding, was arrested as a fugitive slave in Poughkeepsie, by Barnet & Anderson, of Columbia, S. C. [illegible] was immediately taken to New York, for a hearing before the Commissioner. Barnet & Anderson ask $1,700 for him, which would probably be raised, by Bolding's friends. The case excited great interest. He was remanded to his owners on the 1st inst., by Commissioner Nelson.

COLORED CONVENTION.—A great North American Convention of colored people, is announced at Toronto, on the 11th, 12th and 13th of September next. In Canada and the Northwest, efforts are making for a numerous and efficient delegation. One of the main topics of consideration is expected to be the important question of Colonization. The Fugitives of Canada West are to be strongly represented. We wonder the free colored people do not emigrate in a mass to some unsettled portion of the Western country or Canada, like the Devout Mormons, buy the land, and organize a State of their own.

THREATENED LIBERATION OF CUBAN SLAVES.—The "*Southern Press*," of Washington City, states that "it is informed, on good authority, that the Captain-General of Cuba, Concha, recently told one of our Naval officers, that if it was necessary to secure the Spanish authority in Cuba, the slaves would be liberated and armed against the patriots, and the guns of Moro Castle would be turned on Havana."

EXCITEMENT IN VIRGINIA.—The Richmond papers state that Mr. Alfred Bartlett, of Grayson County, having lately been murdered by negroes, and John Clements dangerously wounded, the citizens of Wythe County have held a meeting, and resolved to expel from South-Western Virginia all pretended missionaries from the Free States, who have preached abolition doctrines.

DEATH OF DR. FITCH, THE CONSPIRATOR.—The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser, of Wednesday week, says:—"We learn by a gentleman from Detroit, that Dr. Fitch, the leader of the gang of railroad conspirators, died yesterday. He is the third one who has died since the commencement of the trial—a singular fatality. It is supposed that they poisoned themselves."

BUFFALO SLAVE CASE.—The fugitive, Daniel, was declared free by Judge Conckling, and he left for Canada. The ground of the decision was probably that he was sent into a free State with his master's permission.

THE REVENUE CUTTER FORWARD.—The Forward has left for Havana, carrying Gov. Letcher, Minister to Mexico. Gov. Letcher will there take the Saranac for Vera Cruz.

Clippings.

☞ The great London chess match, which has excited so much interest among chess players, has terminated in favor of Anderson. His adversary, Mr. Staunton, the conqueror of St. Amant, out of five games played, gained but one, the other four being carried off by Mr. Anderson.

☞ Mr. Longfellow has in the press of Ticknor, Reed & Fields, of Boston, a new poem, entitled The Golden Legend. It is the longest of his poetical works, making some 300 pages, and will soon be given to the public.

☞ Digby sat for a long time very attentively considering a cone-cast chair. At length he said, "I wonder what fellow took enough poles to find all them holes and put that straw round 'em?"

☞ Can the wife ever respect or trust again the husband of her choice after she has detected him in the first falsehood? Can the husband ever look again with perfect satisfaction upon the countenance of his wife after the first falsehood has polluted her lips? Alas, no! a barrier has been broken down, and the waves of sin and sorrow roll in upon their paradise of domestic enjoyment.

☞ There are two kinds of family jars; take one you put your sweetmeats, and into the other you put your foot.

☞ Mr. Macaulay has at length completed two more volumes of his History of England, and they will be published the coming Autumn by the Longmans.

☞ Col. Fremont, it is said, has sold his California possessions for about $1,000,000.

☞ PRESCOTT LIBRARY.—It is stated that a gentleman of Massachusetts has recently donated by bequest $10,000 for the publication of a Pacific Lexicon, to be finished in four years.

☞ Nothing else so gracefully upon children, and makes them so lovely, as habitual respect and dutiful deportment towards their parents and their superiors.

☞ The French population of Canada still use the old wooden plough, made of a crooked tree, and yoke the oxen by the horns instead of placing the bows upon the neck.

☞ We learn, says the New York Mirror, that [illegible] of the New York Journal of Commerce [illegible]

☞ Mr. [illegible] Assistant [illegible] of the United States [illegible]

☞ Brazil has lately paid about half a million of dollars towards the indemnity debt due to France.

☞ REMARKABLE.—A recent traveller says that a traveller in Michigan tracks [illegible] of fish under [illegible] on American [illegible].

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

SATURDAY, Aug. 30, 1851.

REMARKS.—Business is [illegible] this week. The weather has been quite hot, and a large number of Western and Southern merchants have arrived, and commenced making their Fall purchases. Cotton has been in fair request, and higher prices have been realized. In Breadstuffs and Provisions there has been but a limited business doing; there has been less doing and the Money has somewhat fallen off, but still there is [illegible] [illegible].

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The receipts of Flour during the past week have been to a fair extent. There has been a moderate export demand, and 10a17,000 bbls sound and good brands have been disposed of at $3,75 per bbl, including 1,000 bbls Brandywine at $3,87½. Sales to fair for the supply of the city trade at $3,81 [illegible] for old stock and fresh ground, and $4,12½a4,50 for extra brands and extra. Rye Flour is dull. Small sales at $3,25. Corn Meal has been in fair [illegible] sales. Sales of 1,000 bbls Pennsylvania at $2,94 [illegible] per bbl.

The quantity of Flour and Meal inspected during the week ending the 28th inst. comprises—

Wheat Flour,	bbls	14,210
do.	half bbls	51
Rye Flour,	bbls	4
Corn Meal,	bbls	380

GRAIN.—The supplies of Wheat have been exceedingly small. There has been a fair demand, and prices have advanced 2c per bushel. Sales of 20,000 bushels good and prime new Southern red at 80a82 cts; new 84a85c, and old Pennsylvania white 91a per bushel. Rye has further declined. 2,000 bushels Southern at 61a62c. Corn is scarce and slightly advanced. Sales of 15a20,000 bushels yellow, mostly Southern, at 60c, afloat and in store. Oats are in good demand, and there are but few arriving. Sales of 3,000 bushels Southern at 33a35 cts per bushel, which is an advance.

PROVISIONS.—Of all descriptions are held firmly; small sales of Mess Pork at $15,50, and Prime at $13 per bbl. Beef sells only in small lots for ship stores at our former quotations. Bacon—The stock is nearly reduced; sales of Hams at 9½a11c as in quality; Sides 9½a10, and Shoulders at 7½a8c per lb, cash and on time. Small sales of Lard at 9½a10c in bbls and kegs. In Butter and Cheese no change.

AMERICAN FABRICS.—There is more activity in the market, but prices have undergone no change. The Fall trade has commenced rather later than usual, but it is anticipated that [illegible] an average business will be done.

BARK.—The demand for Quercitron is limited; sales of 100 hhds No 1 at $30 per ton. In Tanners' Bark no change.

BEESWAX.—Is scarce and wanted; sales of good yellow at 26c per lb, cash.

CANDLES.—The demand continues limited for all descriptions, without change in prices.

COAL.—The supplies continue to come forward freely from both the Schuylkill and Lehigh mines, and meet with an active inquiry at previous rates. Coal vessels meet with quick despatch for the Eastward at remunerating rates. In Allegheny Bituminous Coal nothing doing.

COFFEE.—There has been a fair demand, and prices are fully maintained; sales of 3,000 bags Rio and Maracaibo at 9½a10c per lb on time.

COPPER.—Is exceedingly dull; we quote English Sheathing at 21, and Yellow Metal at 18c per lb 6 mos.

COTTON.—There has been a fair demand during the past week, and in most instances [illegible] have been enabled to realize an advance of ½a1c per lb; sales of 700 bales Upland New Orleans at 9½a10½c per lb on time. The stock is now materially reduced.

The following is a statement of the receipts and stocks of Cotton at the shipping ports from 1st Sept. to latest dates:

	Receipts. 1851.	Receipts. 1850.	Stocks. 1851.	Stocks. 1850.
N. Orleans,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Mobile	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Savannah	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Charleston	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Florida	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Texas	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Virginia	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
N. Carolina	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Other Places	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Total	2,330,657	2,049,232	130,353	169,611

The receipts at the different shipping ports to the latest dates show the following results:

Increase—	New Orleans, Mass.	154,576	
	Mobile,	161,093	
	Charleston,	13,593	
	Texas,	13,643	
	Virginia,	9,949	
	North Carolina,	3,310	—364,817
Decrease—	Savannah,	21,000	
	Florida,	1,777	— 22,753

Total increase this season, 272,324

DRUGS AND DYES.—There is rather more inquiry for some articles, but no material changes in prices to notice.

FEATHERS.—But few offering; small sales of good Western at 36a38c per lb, cash.

FISH.—The supplies of Mackerel have been exceedingly small; small sales of new No 1 at $12, No 2 at $10, and No 3 at $6,25a6,50 per barrel. In Codfish no change.

FRUIT.—There is nothing doing worthy of notice in either Foreign or Domestic, except a sale of 1,000 boxes Raisins on terms kept private.

GINSENG.—The market is nearly bare. We quote Crude at 35c per lb.

GUANO is in better demand. Sales of Patagonia in lots at $40a50 per ton.

HEMP.—The market has been very quiet, and no further sales have transpired.

HIDES.—An import of near 9,000 Laguayra and Porto Cabello have arrived, and remain unsold. A sale of 1,300 Maracaibo on private terms.

HOPS.—Are dull, and no further sales have been reported.

INDIGO.—Prices are firm; a small sale of Bengal at $1,25 per lb.

IRON.—The market continues excessively dull. Sales No 1 Anthracite at $21,50, and No 2 at $19,50 a20 per ton, 6 months. In Bar and Boiler Iron no change.

LEAD.—The market has been very quiet, and no sales have been reported.

LUMBER.—There were shipped by the Lehigh Canal during the week ending the 23d inst.

	Feet	1,170,814
Previously,		23,936,117
Total,		25,106,931

MOLASSES.—The demand has been moderate, but prices are unchanged; sales of 600 hhds Cuba at 20c, and some Muscovado at 27c on time.

NAVAL STORES.—Sales of 3a900 bbls Rosin at $1,30a2, and some Tar at $1.75a2 per bbl. Spirits of Turpentine sells in lots at 34a35c, cash and on time.

OILS.—Fish Oils are held firmly; sales of 5,000 gallons Bleached Winter Whale at 58c on time, and some Lard Oil at 70c. Linseed Oil is dull, and sells only in small lots at 74a75c.

PLASTER.—An import of soft sold at $2,62½ per ton.

RICE.—The demand has been limited, but prices are steady; sales in lots at 3½a3¾c per lb, cash and on time.

SALT.—Two imports of Liverpool Ground have arrived, which were previously disposed of on terms kept private.

SEEDS.—Cloverseed is held firmly, but there is nothing doing. Timothy ranges from $2,00 to 2. Flaxseed is dull at $1,40a1,45 per bushel.

SPICES.—The sales have been unimportant.

SPIRITS.—Prices of Brandy and Gin remain without change, but the sales are limited. N. E. Rum sells slowly at 28c. Whiskey has been dull. Sales of 1,000 bbls at 21a c, and small lots at 22c. Hhds command the same rates.

SUGAR.—The receipts have been small. There has been a moderate demand and prices are steady. Sales of 900 hhds, mostly Cuba, New Orleans and Porto Rico at 5a6½c per lb on time.

TALLOW.—We quote City Rendered at 9½a9¾c per lb on time.

TEAS.—There is a fair demand for the supply of the country trade at steady prices.

TOBACCO.—Is held firmly, with limited sales of both Leaf and Manufactured.

WINES.—The market is quiet and prices steady.

WOOL.—There is but little coming in, and the stock is light. The demand continues restricted, and most of the sales show a decline. The sales have been confined to 20,000 lbs in small parcels at 25a40c cts per lb cash and time for common tub Wool, and ¼ blood; ½ blood at 40a41½c, and Lambs at 36a38c per lb.

FREIGHTS.—To Liverpool are exceedingly dull. Engagements for 2,000 bbls Flour have been made at 1s per barrel; Wheat 4d per bushel; Heavy Goods 17s 6d, and Bark at 20s per ton. There is a fair supply of Colliers, and they meet with quick despatch at $1,50a1,55 per ton to Boston, $1,50 to Providence, Fall River and Albany, and $1a1½ to New York.—*Register*.

CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 1.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were about 2,000 head. Beeves are selling from $6,00 to 7,50 per 100 lbs. Hogs—About 600 head in market, and sold from $6 to 6,75 per 100 lbs. Cows—About 100 in market, and sold at prices ranging from $15 to 35. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $2 to 4, the latter from $2 to 3, according to quality.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER [illegible], 1851.

SATURDAY EVENING POST

[illegible] No. 66 South Third Street, Phila., [illegible]

DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

General News.

INEQUALITY OF REPRESENTATION IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

We take the following curious article upon the above subject, from the "Greenville (South Carolina) Patriot":—

[illegible]

In the Parish of St. Thomas and St. Dennis there is a white population of two hundred and ten persons. The District of Pendleton has a white population of twenty-one thousand one hundred and seventy-nine persons. St. Thomas and St. Dennis may be ten or fifteen miles in extent of territory, and Pendleton is about seventy miles long and fifty broad. St. Thomas and St. Dennis have a slave population of only two thousand three hundred and eighteen, while Pendleton has a slave population of [illegible] thousand one hundred and ninety-three. St. Thomas and St. Dennis pays into the Treasury of the State, in the way of taxes, the sum of two thousand and twenty dollars, while Pendleton pays seven thousand six hundred and fifty-eight dollars. Yet this little Parish has as much power and influence in the Senate of the State, and in voting to break up the Union, as Pendleton District. Is it right? Is it according with the spirit of Republican Liberty, that Pendleton District, twenty times as large as St. Thomas and St. Dennis, one hundred and twenty-five times the white population, having five times as many slaves, and paying four times the amount of taxes, should have only the same influence and power in the Senate of the State?

Let us examine this matter a little further.— When the State of South Carolina came out of the American Revolution, the population and wealth of the State were below. The upper country was, in a great measure, a wilderness, with a very sparse population, not much wealth, and few slaves. The lower country had been long settled, possessed a good deal of wealth, and had controlled and governed the State entirely. In the formation of our Constitution, these things naturally had their influence in fixing the basis of representation. But since that time, the condition of the country has changed. The upper part of the State has become densely populated, possessing great wealth, energy and improvement. The lower country and the Parishes have retrograded, or at least have not kept pace with the upper Districts in their growth and prosperity. It is, therefore, proper that there should be a change in our basis of representation, in order to equalize the political power of the State.

A man living in St. Thomas and St. Dennis, is, compared to one living in Pendleton, a sort of noble, and on the same principle that the greatest Peer in England holds his seat in the House of Lords. It is true, he may be no better, although he lives in sight of Charleston, surrounded by [illegible] than a citizen of the mountains, and he may not have half the intelligence and property of the mountaineer, yet, by the regulations of our branch of our Government, he is equal to one hundred and twenty-five men living in Pendleton. One dollar of his money is worth to the State, it would seem, four dollars of theirs. One of his slaves counts for five of ours; and one acre of his land, though covered with alligators and bull-frogs, is equal to twenty in Pendleton.

We think these are evils which should be remedied, and should no longer be borne by a people who profess to live under a Republican form of Government. But if our Federal Government is to be broken up, and South Carolina to go out of the Union, it should be done by the people of the State, after mature reflection and consideration, and not by the Parishes. In matters of ordinary legislation, we have borne with and submitted to their power, but where a great revolution is to be undertaken, and the Government changed, the people, who will have to bear the burdens and pay the taxes, must be consulted in their power and strength.

The House of Representatives in South Carolina is composed of 124 members. The Districts of Pendleton, Edgefield, Spartanburg, Barnwell, Greenville, Abbeville, Laurens, Marion, Union and York, have a population of 144,986 white persons. This is more than half the white population of the State. But instead of electing one-half of the Senators and Representatives, these Districts have only ten Senators and forty-five Representatives. In other words, a majority of the white people of the State are not permitted, by their Constitution, to have one-fourth of the Senators, and only about one-third of the Representatives.

The truth is, that all our agitation in South Carolina has come from the Parishes. All of this eternal clamor against the Federal Government, and alarm and consternation for evils which never occur, have sprung up and taken root in the Parishes, and, by constant agitation, have spread over the State. So it was in the days of Nullification, in the Bluffton failure, and so it is now in this slavery agitation. The people of the Parishes have been so much accustomed to lord it over everything at home, and in their own State, that they think, most conscientiously, it is nothing but right that they should have their own way in the United States. All would be well if these gentlemen could control their Parishes, their Parishes the State, and the State the United States. Then we should have a "Glorious Union!"

A BEAUTIFUL DISCOVERY IN THE MANAGEMENT OF BEES.—It has hitherto been regarded as a well established fact, that bees require the light to be carefully excluded from their habitations. The Rev. L. L. Langstroth, of Chesnut Street, a native of this city, and a gentleman of equal worth and accomplishment, who has been engaged for many years in the scientific investigation of their habits, has most conclusively proved that this is not the case. The various glass observing hives, which have been used by ingenious naturalists, have always been furnished with shutters, to be opened only when the hives are inspected. Such a sudden admission of light exerts a disturbing influence upon the bees. Mr. Langstroth has hives of his own invention, in which the bees are exposed to the full light of day, so that all their beautiful works are as easily examined as the articles exhibited in a shopkeeper's window. They do not manifest the slightest dislike to such a perfect flood of light.

It is obvious that this unexpected discovery must greatly facilitate a thorough knowledge of the habits of this wonderful insect; as the queen is almost constantly in sight, and all the mysteries of the hives are unfolded in the most simple manner to the lover of nature. We know that Mr. Langstroth has been repeatedly consulted respecting the best means of ventilating public rooms; and we strongly suspect him of having stolen some of his ideas from the admirable principles on which bees ventilate their hives. We wish he could persuade the community that their public and private buildings ought to be at least as well ventilated as the humble dwelling of the bee, and thus aid in effecting a revolution, the importance of which to the public health cannot be over-estimated.—*North American.*

MANUMITTED SLAVES.—The Albany Evening Journal publishes a letter from J. E. Caldwell, executor of the late Elihu Creswell, of New Orleans, to the Governor of New York, informing him that Mr. Creswell, by his will, freed all his slaves, fifty-one in number, and provided for their removal to the free States. Mr. Caldwell inquired of the Governor whether there is anything in the Constitution or laws of New York preventing or interfering with their locality within the State limits, should it be determined to remove them to it for the purpose of liberation. He also asks for information as to the best locality for them, where they could obtain employment. The Governor, by way of reply, places them before the public, and requests the philanthropic citizens of the State to attend to the case.

MCCOY LYNCHED AGAIN.—A few weeks since, we published an account of the lynching of a man named McCoy, in Pike county, Alabama, on the ground that he was an Abolitionist.— The same man has been again mobbed at Rockvilly, in the same State. A committee of the citizens waited on him, obtained evidence that he had talked Abolitionism, and forthwith ducked him under the spout of the town pump, and then rode him out of town on a rail.

POLITICAL NEWS.

[illegible]

DEATH OF A CANDIDATE.—The death of Hon. Luke Woodbury, by suicide, is confirmed. He hung himself to a tree at Antrim, N. H., on the 22nd. Mr. W. was the Democratic candidate for Governor of New Hampshire, and cousin of Hon. Levi Woodbury.

[illegible]

SENATOR PHELPS.—This Whig Senator (of Vermont) is out in favor of the Fugitive Slave Law.

[illegible]

OHIO FREE SOILERS.—The Free Soil Convention nominated a full State ticket—headed by Samuel Lewis for Governor.

INDIANA.—The next Legislature of Indiana stands as follows:—Senate, Democrats 30; Whigs 19—Democratic majority 30; House, Democrats 62; Whigs 37—Democratic majority 25; Free Soiler 1.

THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION.—C. H. Donaldson, says the Telegraph, from the Senate, is [illegible] from Texas to New York, to issue the call for the meeting of the Convention, which is to take place on the first Monday in June, 1852. This step Mr. Donaldson takes in consequence of the recent publication in the New York Herald of certain confidential correspondence between members of the Committee—the copy of which was furnished to that paper by a member of the Tammany General Committee, without the knowledge of Mr. Greene or himself. The Committee is now complete. Louis Jenkins has been appointed to take the place in Massachusetts of Benjamin F. Hallett, who, it is alleged, has turned Whig, Francis Blair, Jr., takes the place in Missouri of Samuel Treat, (Secessionist,) removed.

Did our readers ever see the correspondence alluded to above—some of it was the richest and funniest that has been published, not "by authority," for a long while.

FLAX-COTTON IN THE UNITED STATES.—The Boston Transcript says:—"Our readers may not be generally aware of the fact that rapid progress is making in the introduction of flax-cotton, prepared by the process of the Chevalier Claussen, into manufactures. An agent of the New York parties, Mr. E. G. Roberts, 69 Pine St., New York, called on us yesterday, and exhibited various specimens of flax in different stages, with flax-cotton, flax-yarn, flax-stockings, flax-cloth, of various degrees of fineness, made on cotton machinery, and flax broadcloth, made on woollen machinery. The quality of these cloths was such as to inspire the utmost confidence in the successful substitution of flax cotton in many branches of manufacture. And if, as those who have looked into the subject affirm, it can be supplied much cheaper than the ordinary cotton, it must have a most important bearing upon the many interests connected with that important staple both here and in Europe. Flax-Cotton was exhibited to us, dyed in various colors, immediately after carding. It was also shown dyed in various colors in yarns spun entirely from flax, or mixed with various proportions of cotton; and in the case of the mixed yarns no difference of color of the two substances is at all perceptible—thus showing that the flax so prepared is capable of taking the same opaque dye as ordinary cotton. Some samples of yarn prepared as silk were also displayed, and, as illustrating the great command which the inventor has over this fibre, these are dyed in colors possessing all the glossiness and brilliancy of the most beautiful silk.— Several pieces of calico, formed entirely of flax, and others, formed of a mixture of flax and cotton, bleached and dressed as ordinary cloth, were exhibited."

CALIFORNIA LAW.—In the District Court at Coloma, California, lately, the following case of divorce was tried:

The wife was the complainant, and her counsel attempted to prove that an agreement to separate had been entered into by the parties on coming across the plains, but was afterward refused to be carried out by the defendant. Cruelty was attempted to be established by the plaintiff's fetching wood and water, and doing other unfeminine duties, such as cooking, etc., both on coming across the plains and after she arrived in California. The only hard language the husband was heard to use towards his wife was once calling her a liar. The husband proved disobedience to his wishes in her attending at balls and mixing with society that did not meet his approbation; also, that the unfeminine duties complained of were voluntarily performed by the lady, and not at the husband's command, he being all the time industriously employed. The above is, in substance, all that was sworn to in Court, on either side. Judge Farwell's charge to the Jury was in substance as follows:—"Marriage is a civil contract, and subject to all the conditions of other civil contracts; *and can be entered into and broken at the pleasure of the parties themselves.* If the jury are of opinion that an engagement was entered into on the plains to separate, and the defendant afterwards refused to do so, they must find for the plaintiff."

The Jury, under this charge, could not fail to find a verdict for the complainant, inasmuch as it was apparent that it was her pleasure to break the contract.

Countries in which gold is plenty, always have gone to perdition, and California seems to be following in the footsteps of her "illustrious predecessors."

A FILLIBUSTER WARNING.—The New Orleans Delta of the 20th ultimo, one of the most ardent of the Southern journals in the Fillibuster cause, has the following to those wishing to join in the expedition against Cuba:

We would repeat what we have already stated more than once, in reply to innumerable letters from all parts of the country, that we counsel young men who are desirous of emigrating from this city to Cuba, or elsewhere, *that they had better remain at home until they are wanted.* There are no means, no arrangements here to accommodate them, and they must expect to incur serious annoyances on there arrival here.

We observe that in various parts of the country, hastily-raised bodies of young men have started from their homes, proceeded to certain points, and discovering that there were no arrangements for their reception, have complained bitterly against somebody. We are not aware that the friends of Cuba have made any promises or invitations, which would justify the extravagant expectations of many of these impatient young men. All that has been done heretofore, has been with the private means of gentlemen who are as little able as many of the volunteer emigrants, to supply the necessary subsistence and transportation.

THE FLYING MACHINE.—Some doubt is thrown on the account of M. D'Arville's flying experiment, of which we furnished a translation from French papers the other day. Galignani's Messenger says the whole thing is a hoax, and so does the Gazette de France; yet it appears to be true that a Spaniard named Diego has invented a machine with India rubber wings, that will elevate a person in the air, and that his machine had been described in the Patrie as mentioned in the D'Arville account.

A YOUNG AVALANCHE FROM THE SKIES.—The Boston Times says it learns from a reliable source that a lump of hail, weighing *two hundred and seventeen pounds,* fell near Dover, N. H., on the 20th inst. The mass was observed at a considerable elevation before it descended, and created no little alarm among a number of people. It fortunately fell in a bog, and did no other damage than to throw up mud and dirt, upon all who were in the vicinity.

CHEAP POSTAGE.—At the Albany Post Office, before the passage of the new Postage Law, the average number of letters mailed per day, was 1,600, of which, on an average, there were prepaid 400, or about one-quarter. Last Monday week there was mailed from that office 2,513, of which 964 were prepaid by stamps, and 665 by money, or about two-thirds. This, the Tribune says, is about the same ratio as is shown at the Post Office in New York city.

POSTAGE STAMPS.—A correspondent of the Baltimore Sun suggests that Postmasters place the usual post-mark over the pre-paid postage stamp. This will answer a threefold purpose —first, defacing the postage stamp; secondly, in case the stamp should not have been securely affixed, the vacancy in the post-mark will show that it had been put there; and thirdly, one operation will serve, instead of two, and thus save time and labor.

STEPHEN DOUGLAS.—This gentleman, who is said to be the richest man in Illinois, is putting up what may be styled a magnificent palace, near Chicago. It is singular that political leaders, (even the *Democratic* ones,) are very generally wealthy men.

The Seven last Cubans—The Charleston Mercury, the leading Secession organ in South Carolina, opposes the annexation of Cuba, [illegible]

[illegible]

1. The Spanish have either chosen to [illegible]

[illegible]

The other reason is the harsh treatment of the Cuban slaves. The Mercury says that it is said that forty years is the ordinary limit of the life of a slave on the sugar plantations, and that for a considerable portion of the year they work 18 hours in the day.

The Mercury, however, opposes annexation because the union would be incongruous and unnatural, and "because it is not for the interest of the South that there should be other slave countries than our own," together with some other reasons affecting consolidation, the increase of the army and navy, the pernicious effect of extended dominion, etc.

The "Richmond Whig," also takes decided grounds against the annexation of Cuba, as being (apart from all other objections,) a measure full of mischief to Southern interests. It says:—

Cuba is, of herself, able to supply, from this one, the whole sugar consumption of the United States. If she be annexed, the culture must cease on the inferior soil and climate of Louisiana and Texas, where the same depends only half the Cuba length.

What next, as every body knows, follow?— Why, sugar culture must be abandoned in Louisiana and Texas, and they must fall back on cotton-planting. This change will abate the value of their lands and labor one-half.

Then comes a second operation, the cotton crop of the United States is already too large for a remunerating price. But compel Louisiana and Texas to plant cotton alone; and its production will be at once, almost doubled. As, then, Cuba will have driven them from sugar-planting, so they in turn will drive from cotton-planting North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, half of Alabama, and Arkansas. These States, being driven to the production of only corn and wheat, will lose half the value of their lands to them.

But a third operation comes: grain-growing is already overdone; if another great region takes it up, the profits of farming and the value of farms must fall in proportion. These are the obvious benefits which the South will derive from the annexation of Cuba. The only compensation that we see as possible, is a small cheapening of sugar—perhaps a cent per pound —and a reduction to $40 per thousand of Sugars, for those who now pay $80 for them.

Should the North and North-West consent for a time, to go to war with Spain alone (for we will have all others aside in the argument, though perfectly persuaded that in such a quarrel, half Europe will be her allies) and succeed in wresting it from her, without her having previously liberated the negroes to fight against us, what can be more certain than that, as soon as we have got it, the Free Soil dispute must be at once renewed with a violence sure to be fatal to the Union? Cuba we cannot take, unless at the price of first a foreign and then a civil war. Is it worth either price?

What honor or what sense is there in yielding to this insane lust of other people's lands? Are we such villains and robbers that we cannot let our neighbor and his goods alone, even when we see that plundering him will be our own inevitable destruction? Do we mean to show that we are, as a people, worthy of not only the dungeon, but the mad-house?

THE ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF EDUCATION.—This body assembled at Cleveland, Ohio, and the proceedings were of an interesting character. The officers for the coming year are —President, Right Rev. Alonzo Potter, of Pennsylvania; Recording Secretary, Dr. Robert L. Cook, of New Jersey; Treasurer, Daniel S. Bridesman, of Philadelphia; Standing Committee, G. F. Thayer, of Boston; D. F. Reed, of Indiana; Lorin Andrews, of Ohio; E. R. Potter, of Rhode Island; J. W. Bulkley, of Albany; Joseph Cowperthwaite, of Philadelphia. The city of Newark, New Jersey, was fixed upon as the place of the next Annual Meeting of the Association. In accordance with an amendment to the Constitution, made at the present meeting, the next Annual Meeting will be held on the 2nd Tuesday in August, 1852.

NEWS FROM HAVANA.—The steamship Empire City is not expected to leave Havana before the 1st of September, when she will bring the California mail to the 1st of August, brought by the Falcon from Chagres. She will not be in New York before the 5th of September. News from Havana will probably reach here before then from the South by trading vessels.

Foreign Items.

We have Liverpool dates to August 20th. Cotton was firmer, and, in some instances, an advance of ⅛d. had been obtained. Flour and wheat had declined.

LIBERATION OF KOSSUTH.—The Porte has definitely declared that on the 1st of September the refugees imprisoned at Kutayah should be set at liberty. Apprehensions are entertained that if the Porte persists, Austria will make an open declaration of war against the Porte, cross the frontier with an army, and induce Russia to give its powerful support to the operations of the Austrian army, by bringing its troops from Bessarabia, and its fleet from Sebastopol, to act against the Balkan and Constantinople. For such a contingency the Porte is not prepared.— The American frigate Independence, Captain Long, and the Mississippi, Commodore Morgan, are expected to arrive at Constantinople for Kossuth and his companions.

CUBA.—The news from Cuba is exciting considerable attention in England.

ITALY.—The state of Rome and Naples is very threatening. The occupation of Rome by the French is regarded by the Neapolitans, as well as the Austrians, with extreme jealousy; and fresh complications respecting the possession of certain points by the garrison, are a continual source of dispute.

In the United States department of the Great Exhibition, twenty-four large packages have just been received, chiefly agricultural implements and carriages.

The weather in England continues favorable for the crops, although rather broken for two or three days preceding the 16th. The harvest was commencing in various parts of the country. A fair average yield of wheat and beans, of good quality, was expected.

The potato crop in Ireland gives promise of abundance, of better quality than last year, although the disease is apparent in many portions of the country.

The yacht America had not yet had a contest with any of the English yachts. She was to have appeared on the 15th in the royal yacht squadron regatta, but was withdrawn. The Americans express great confidence in her capabilities, and declare themselves ready to back her for £10,000 against any other yacht.

The receipts of the Exhibition at the Crystal Palace, had perceptibly diminished by the continued intense heat of the weather.

The French President was about to make the tour of the South-West and the centre of France.

A. M. Lenanel had been condemned to six months' imprisonment for having cried "Down with Napoleon," at the review of the National Guards at Chatillerault.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER.

No. 22 South Third street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm.

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
U S 6s '56	100	—	Mechanics	26½	26
" '62	100	—	Southwark	79	—
" '67	114½	115¼	Kensington	60	—
" '68	115	115¼	P Township	20	—
" 5s '53	101	—	Girard	12¼	12¾
July div. off			Western	62	—
" 5s '54	98	—	Man & Mechs	27	—
Jan int off			Bk of Com	48	—
U S Tr N 6s	—	—	Camden N J	60	—
" 1 mill	—	—	Germantown	53	56
Philada 6s	103¾	104	Tren Bk Co	25	—
" 5s	90	90½	Farm's Bk	40	—
" Gas	—	—	M & M Pitts	28	—
County 5s	96¼	96	Exchange, Pitts	50	—
Penna 6s	100½	101	Com, Cin	15	—
" 5s	90¼	91	Louis, Ky	125	—
Kentucky 6s	106	—	Kentucky Bk	100	100½
Tennessee 6s	96¼	61	Northern	100	—
Illinois 6s	41	64	Union, Tenn	73	75
Cincinnati 6s	97	97½	Planters, Tenn	—	75
TexasT Notes	—	—	Vicksburg	10	12½
" bds 6s	—	—	Com, Natchez	—	—
Schuyl N 6s	97½	8	N O Gas Bk	—	111
" Int	—	—	Schuyl Nav	11	12
Lehigh N 6s	90	90¼	Lehigh Nav	29	30
" Int loan	84½	84½	C & Del Cl	100	100
" Mort 6s	96	97	Morris Cl	14¼	14½
C & D Cl 6s	90	92	Penna&Ohio Cl	29½	30
C & Am R bds	87	88	Union Cl	10¼	11
Rea Mdw R 6s	76	78	Cam & Am R	130	137
Susqueh Cl 6s	57	58	Penna R	41½	42
Morris's R 6s	90	—	Rea Mdw R	10	19
Harris R 6s	85½	85	Lykens Val R	10	15
Wil R 6s	95½	96	North Am Cl	13	15
Read R 6s	76	76½	Susqueh Cl	13¾	14
" Mort 6s	75	77	Norristown R	49	52½
U S Bk Notes	5¼	6	Harrisburg R	48	49
U S Bk Shares	1½	1½	Wilmington R	27	28
N Amer Bk	135	137	Reading R	30	30
Penna Bk	110	110½	Minehill R	41	50
Philadelphia	129	130	N Liberty Gas	28	—
Far & Mec	67	68	Penn Copper	1	—
Commercial	57	57½	N J Copper	1	—
N Liberty	49	51	N W Mn Co	33	80½

Local News.

THE EXECUTION OF GEORGE PHARAOH.—Friday, the 22nd, was the day selected by the Executive on which [illegible] George Pharaoh, for the murder of [illegible] [illegible]

His remains were interred [illegible] death on the 12th of February last. An application was made to the Executive for a postponement on the ground that there was an informality in the record of the trial, but this was not made.

The effect of the religious teachings that he received since his trial, was seen, it is said, in his altered manner, and the conversations with which he desired to make his peace with Heaven. [illegible]

On Saturday last Pharaoh was visited by Mr. Sheriff [illegible] [illegible]

Pharaoh was a finely-proportioned man, being 6 feet high, and at the time of his arrest weighing 160 pounds. [illegible]

The mother of Pharaoh was the sister of Jabez Boyd, who, in 1845, murdered a lad, named Worley Patton, near West Chester, and expiated his crime on the 21st of November, 1845, and the nephew, followed the footsteps of the uncle, was launched into eternity from the same scaffold, the same rope having been used on both occasions. The gallows consisted simply of two uprights, with a beam across, and a platform on hinges, which was supported by a prop, and was erected in a narrow court-yard close up against the prison wall, which completely screened the view from the outside.— After a few words of farewell, the unhappy man, rising to his feet, addressed the crowd of spectators by saying—"Gentlemen of the Jury, I acknowledge the justice of the law, and that it is right I should be put to death. I am perfectly willing to meet my fate." Just before the execution, Pharaoh told the sheriff that he had at one time a mind to kill Elizabeth Stirk, a married woman, living in the neighborhood of his father's house, at West Goshen. On the day before his death, Pharaoh dictated to Rev. Mr. Patton, a letter to his mother, expressing sorrow for his conduct, and the pain he had given her, desiring that her other children might be sent to Sabbath Schools, &c.

CITY POLICE, August 27.—*Miss Sallie Baldwin's Portrait.*—Miss Sallie Baldwin's great mistake is a species of anachronism; she is deluded by the idea that her birth took place about twenty-five years ago, whereas the true date of that event would be in the autumn of 1795. This little chronological misapprehension of Miss Sallie led to a dispute between her and a distinguished Daguerreotypist of this city. Miss Sallie had sat for her picture, which was finished in due time, and done up in a very handsome case lined with crimson satinet. When Miss Baldwin called for the portrait she opened the case in the presence of the artist and remarked sneeringly—"Here is a little mistake, sir, I think; the likeness is not mine." "Yes, madam, it is yours," answered the Daguerreotypist. "Mine, indeed!" cried Miss Sallie, a little wrathfully. "Don't you perceive it's the face of an *old woman?*" What could the most skilful tactician or diplomatist of the age have said in answer to this question? The Daguerreotype man was confounded, and Miss Baldwin interpreted his embarrassment as a confession that he had committed a blunder. "How could you possibly mistake this wrinkled, sallow-faced, detestable picture for my likeness?" was the scorching question next addressed to the puzzled artist. "It's a —— correct likeness, ma'am," he stammered out, with a consistency of speech which seemed to give the lie to the declaration. "I tell you it's the resemblance of an old woman," cried Miss Sallie, with increased vehemence; "I can't help that, madam," said the artist, soothingly, "it is no discredit to be old, madam; old age is respectable, madam." "What do you mean to insinuate, sir?" screamed Miss Baldwin. "Am I old, sir? Am I wrinkled like this, sir? Is my skin of that color, sir? You've mistaken me, sir, or you don't understand your trade, sir; and now I see you've got an old sky-light, sir. How do you expect to take correct likenesses without a sky-light? I consider it a real swindle, sir. You've made me look old enough to be my own grandmother." The artist, and several of his patrons, who were waiting their turn, could hold in no longer.— The general laugh convinced Miss Sallie that the picture had been intended for a caricature, and she posted off to the Mayor's Office to complain of the outrage. She was counselled, however, to treat the offending artist and his libellous picture with contempt, which she agreed to do, but positively refused to receive the portrait, or to pay for it.—*Pennsylvanian.*

ARREST OF AN ESCAPED LUNATIC.—An arrest was made in Germantown, on Tuesday night week, by Constable Hero, of a person who was subsequently discovered to be an escaped lunatic. The strange person had a manacle on the left leg, with a small piece of chain attached; and supposing him to be an escaped criminal from one of the surrounding jails of the country, the officer had him placed in confinement. Yesterday morning, he was taken before one of the magistrates of that Borough, where, from statements made by the prisoner, it was found that he came from Dauphin County, Pa., and bore the name of Moses S. Herring. He alleged that he made his escape, a few days ago, from an officer, while conducting him to the Insane Hospital, in Blockley, from which institution he was discharged, as cured, some years ago. The prisoner was brought to the city and delivered into the custody of Marshal Keyser.

FERRY BOAT SUNK.—Friday week, between twelve and one o'clock, the vicinity of Cooper's Point was thrown into a wild state of excitement by the sinking of the ferry-boat "Cooper's Point," and the supposition, for a short time, that one or more persons were drowned. A large number of cattle had been driven on board for the purpose of taking them to Philadelphia. After the boat had left the wharf a short distance, the cattle all ran on one side, sinking the edge down so far that the boat very suddenly filled with water and immediately sank. Fortunately the river was very shallow where it went down, and though the greatest confusion prevailed on board for a moment, no one was injured, and the cattle all swam ashore.

GERMANTOWN WATERWORKS.—The huge iron reservoir, 126 feet high, 5 feet in diameter, and weighing 30 tons, having been elevated most successfully and filled, the water was let into the pipe laid along Main street, to test its character, and it proved to be all that could be expected. The plug at Penn street, emitted the water with considerable force.— After a proper trial, the water was drawn off.

The importance of a supply of pure spring water, such as these works are providing, cannot be too highly appreciated. Even as a means of watering the Main street, it will be worth a large sum annually to the population.

SINGULAR ACCIDENT.—Recently a very singular accident occurred in the saloon of the Walnut street Theatre. Two young gentlemen, Mr. Lindsey and Mr. Frank Shively, were trying the strength of their arms by clasping the right hand of each and resting the elbow on the counter, and then trying each to force the hand of the other down. In the struggle, the arm of Mr. Shiveley was broken short off above the elbow, causing a report loud enough to be heard from one extreme of the saloon to the other. A doctor was called in, and the patient removed preparatory to reducing the fracture.

BAD CONDUCT OF A CASHIER.—Mr. Trevor, the late Cashier of the Philadelphia Bank, according to a published statement of the Board of Directors, withdrew from the funds of the Bank, without the authority or knowledge of the Board or President, $189,000. The Bank has securities for the sum to a much larger (nominal) amount, from which the Directors expect to be able to replace the whole or a large portion of the sum. The Bank has, moreover, a surplus fund of nearly $300,000, accumulated for contingent uses.

A CHANGE.—The Rev. H. S. Porter, D. D., Pastor of the First Cumberland Presbyterian Church of this city, who has been absent for some months on a tour in the South, we learn has accepted an invitation to remain for the coming twelve months with the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in Memphis, Tenn.— During his absence, the Rev. S. W. McDonald, formerly Professor in Bethel College, Tenn., will supply his place.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 266—adults 74, and children 132.

☞ BANK NOTE LIST same as last week, with the exception of—

U. S. Bank Notes (Pa.) 15 dis.

Virginia Banks, 1 dis.

NEW YORK MARKETS, AUG. 30.

ASHES—A quiet market, with small sales at $5,12½ for Pots, and $5,50 for Pearls.

COTTON—The market continues firm, with sales of 1,200 bales.

FLOUR, &c.—In Western and State Flour there is only a moderate business doing, and the market favors the purchaser. Sales of 7,300 bbls at $3,75 for Michigan; $3,87½a94 for Ohio; and $3,57½ for State, with some parcels reported sold at $3,81½. There is no change in Canadian Flour, and the sales are 15,000 bbls at $4 for superfine, and $3,25a$3,37½ for sour. Southern Flour is dull, 900 bbls were sold at $4a$4,12½ for old, and $4,12½a$4,25 for new mixed to good brands. Rye Flour is lower, with sales of 100 bbls at $3,31¼. Meal steady, with sales of 150 bbls Jersey at $2,94.

GRAIN—For wheat there is a better demand; prices, however, are without change. Sales 1,600 bushels Genesee at $1,05; 2,000 inferior Upper Lake at 54c; 2,000 red Ohio at 81c; 2,000 white Michigan at 93c; and 1,700 red Southern at 81c. Rye is easier, with sales of 2,500 bushels at 65½c delivered. For Corn there is a moderate demand, and the market is without material change. There is no control lots offering; sales 31,000 bushels at 47a51c for damaged and 50a56½ for fair Western mixed. Oats are still lower; sales at Western at 35a36 and 38a40c for State.

PROVISIONS—There is more doing in Pork, and the market is a shade firmer; sales of 1,200 bbls at $15.75 and $13.12½a$13.25 for new mess and prime. Contracts for 2,500 bbls new mess were settled today at about $15.62½. Beef steady; 200 bbls sold. Cut meats are quiet; sales of 50 tierces pickled hams and shoulders at 7a7½. Lard is steady; 120 bbls sold at 9a9½c.

WHISKEY—A fair demand, with sales of 200 bbls at 22a23½c for Jersey, Ohio and Prison, and 23 do. Drudge at 23 cts.

TALLOW—We notice sales of 245 bbls at 7c.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. S. W. JAMES, No. 1 [illegible] Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States, assisted by J. T. Dent, W. Ramsey, Dr. J. [illegible], E. H. Grant, Geo. D. Irwin, James [illegible], Ben Hasting, Thomas [illegible] and C. M. L. Wiseman. Each of the above should have a certificate of the Mayor of Cincinnati, with one of the above travelling their [illegible], and we hope all on whom they may call, will make it convenient to settle with them.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS, of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling agent for Alabama and Tennessee, assisted by D. E. Goodwin, James O. Lewis and Samuel D. Lewis.

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, No. 182 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, is our general Travelling Agent, assisted by William H. Weld, John Collins, James Deering, A. Hank Wellington, E. A. Evans, John T. Jenkins, P. Locke, Jos. Evans, Geo. P. Evans, and Thos. D. Nice.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE is our only Collector of Bills in Pennsylvania.

E. B. SIMONTON will receive new subscriptions in Maine.

A. PEASE collects for us in the New England States.

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ALMANAC.

Sep. 1851.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES
6 Saturday	5 38	6 22	11 33	
7 Sunday	5 39	6 21	12 9	
8 Monday	5 41	6 19	12 48	
9 Tuesday	5 42	6 19	1 27	D. H. M.
10 Wed'day	5 43	6 17	2 6	First 3 9 51
11 Thursday	5 44	6 16	2 45	Full 10 8 46
12 Friday	5 46	6 14	3 27	Last 18 9 33
13 Saturday	5 47	6 13	4 8	New 25 1 16

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Aug. 24,	75	84	88
25,	74	81	80
26,	64	79	74
27,	64	68	73
28,	64	73	76
29,	65	75	79
30,	67	75	88

Marriages.

On the 26th ult. by the Rev. Jos. H. Kenard, Mr. GEORGE HOUSE, to Miss SARAH W. BARNHOLT, both of this city.

On the 28th ult. by the same, Mr. WILLIAM W. SELLERS, to Miss TABITHA E. SUNDERLAND.

On the same evening, by the same, Mr. FILBERT SCHELLENBERGER, to Miss CATHERINE PFEIFFER.

On the 27th ult. by Charles Gilpin, Mayor, BENJAMIN ALLEN to FANNIE A. DUBOSQ, both of this city.

At Paris, Tenn. on the 6th ult. by the Rev. Dr. WARREN, LUTHER TRAVIS, Esq. of that town, to SOPHIA ANNA, daughter of Mr. W. H. Cramp, of Camden, N. J.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. Thos. J. Ward, Mr. FRANKLIN R. MERRIMAN, of Norristown, to Miss SARAH J. DENISON, of Spring Garden.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. FINLEY HETTRIC, to Miss MARGARET LENCOT.

On the 10th ultimo, by the Rev. Father Somers, PETER N. BRENNAN, to Miss VICTORIA MCVADEN.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. R. S. Calloway, Mr. WILLIAM H. DAVIS, to Miss ANNA ZINN, both of Kensington.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. Abel C. Thomas, JAMES D. MASON, of Baltimore, to MARY A. daughter of Saml. Cooke, of this city.

On the 28th ult. in Chester Township, Burlington county, N. Jersey, by the Rev. Saml. Randall, OSCAR H. HARPEL, of Philadelphia, to Miss MARY FIDELIA, adopted daughter of Jedediah Strong, Esq. of the former place.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. John A. McKean, JOHN SHIELDS, to Miss ELIZABETH DURKART, both of Manayunk.

On the 23d ult. at Mallica Hill, N. J. by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, of Philadelphia, Mr. PETER MCEWEN, to Miss ISABELLA SHIVERS, both of Swedesborough, N. J.

In Brooklyn, N. Y. on the 21st ult. by the Rev. D. W. BOWEN, THOMAS H. BURTON, of that city, to Miss SARAH A. MEAD, of Philadelphia.

In Salem, N. J. on the 6th June, by the Rev. R. F. Young, Mr. DAVID H. BOONE, of Germantown, Pa. to Miss ANNE E. MORRISON, of Salem, N. J.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. John C. Lyons, Mr. JAS. GRIFFITHS, to Miss FANNY MOORE, daughter of Chas. Moore, Esq. of Kensington.

On the 17th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Douglass, Mr. ELIAS SHELLY, to Miss CATHARINE A. FLORY, all of this city.

On the 13th ult. at Glen Haven Water Cure, New York, by themselves, WILLIAM L. CHAPLIN, to Miss THEODOCIA GILBERT, of that establishment.

Deaths.

On the 29th ult. CATHARINE FOUS, aged 80.

On the 28th ult. CELESTINE, daughter of the late S. Saler, aged 36 years.

On the 24th ult. Mr. JACOB SHIELS, aged 68.

On the 27th ult. Mrs. ANN HAMMELL, aged 62.

On the 27th ult. REBECCA MARPLE, aged 39.

On the 27th ult. JAMES J. DENMAN, aged 52.

On the 26th ultimo, at Germantown SAMUEL LAWRENCE, son of Alfred and Mary F. Slade, aged 3 years and 6 months.

On the 25th ult. the Rev. SAMUEL STEVENSON, aged 36 years.

On the 26th ult. Mrs. MARTHA, wife of Francis Kilpatrick, aged 35 years.

On the 25th ult. JAMES McGOWAN, aged 41.

On the 26th ult. PATRICK GILL, aged 65 years.

On the 24th ult. Mrs. BARBARA BERRY, aged 74.

On the 26th ult. GEORGE POTTAL, aged 90 years.

On the 26th ult. MARY, daughter of Saml. and Elizabeth M. Richards, aged 9 months.

On the 25th ult. Mrs. MARY COOPER, aged 68.

On the 25th ult. Mr. JOHN W. SAPP, aged 36.

On the 25th ult. Mrs. MARTHA ANN, wife of John R. Witcraft, aged 25 years.

On the 24th ult. Mr. GEORGE MACKINSON, aged 36.

On the 25th ult. JOHN COOK, aged 28 years.

On the 25th ult. WILLIAM S. BUCHANAN, aged 9.

On the 25th ult. ELIZABETH, daughter of Patrick and Ann Sweeney, aged 11 months.

On the 25th ult. MAURICE, son of Edward A. and Ann Doyle, aged 13 months.

On the 25th ult. ELIZABETH FOUS, daughter of W. and Mary A. Hall, aged 1 year.

On the 26th ult. MARY JANE, daughter of Mark and Mary Howbine, aged 19 months.

On the 24th ult. THOMAS H. BYRNES, aged 38.

On the 23d ult. REBECCA JANE, wife of Nathaniel Brania, aged 26 years.

On the 26th ult. Mrs. MARGARET RALSTON, aged 51 years.

On the 25th ult. Mr. ROBERT FOSTER.

On the 26th ult. JAMES ATKINSON, son of Geo. R. Curtis, aged 9 years.

On the 27th ult. JAS. DOYLE, aged 50 years.

On the 26th ult. ANNA ELIZABETH, daughter of H. and Catharine Grouse, aged 21 months.

In Trenton, N. J. on the 25th ult. JOHN D. GIBSON, aged 22 years.

TRUNKS! TRUNKS!! TRUNKS!!!—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he is now prepared to furnish every variety of Trunk, Valise and Carpet Bags, as low as can be purchased of any other manufacturer in the city. The attention of merchants and others is solicited to the beautiful assortment now on hand, of his own manufacture, which cannot be surpassed for neatness, durability and workmanship by any other establishment, and which received the premium at the last exhibition of the Franklin Institute.

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NOTICES OF THE AUGUST NUMBER.

It opens with a very interesting article by J. S. C. Abbott, on the childhood and youth of Napoleon, and this is followed by articles from the foreign periodicals, extracts from new books, more of Bulwer's new novel, monthly record of current events, good things from the Editor's Drawer, the best things from Punch, plates of fashions, &c., &c. This Magazine has, by its intrinsic merits, established for itself a character which makes commendation superfluous. —*Baltimore Patriot.*

The number for the present month does not contain a single uninteresting article, which is a species of praise applicable to few publications of a similar character. Historical reminiscences, literary sketches, travels, attractive stories, and poetry, are mingled together like jewels in a coronet, and the reader is almost perplexed where to begin. * * * But perhaps the most valued article in the whole number will be the sketches of the childhood and youth of Napoleon, written for this Magazine by the Rev. J. S. C. Abbott, and illustrated by a number of neat wood-cuts. No incident connected with the life of that extraordinary man is devoid of interest, and Mr. Abbott has successfully grouped together a variety of anecdotes which throw an air of romance around the memory of the Corsican soldier.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

The number opens with an admirable original article by Abbott, being the first part of a new Life of Napoleon, admirably illustrated. Numerous other interesting articles, a hard hit at the Bloomers, and some dozen capital cuts from Punch, conclude the number.—*Rochester American.*

We venture to say that no work in the world has equalled this success, and none have sprung at once into such maturity of excellence.—*De Bow's Southern and Western Review.*

The best of all the magazines published, comes to us promptly a day in advance of the month for which it is issued. The present number opens with a beautifully illustrated sketch of the youth of Napoleon, and contains, besides, thirty interesting articles on various subjects. Every one will find something to suit his taste; and all may be sure that what is expended for this Magazine will be well spent.— *Albany Evening Journal.*

It is a valuable epitome of political, literary, fashionable, and social history, illustrated with exquisitely finished engravings, and may safely be placed in the hands of all.—*Hamilton Cabinet (Bermuda).*

Its contents are, as usual, varied and interesting. The leading article, giving an account of the childhood and youth of Napoleon Bonaparte, by John S. C. Abbott, is written in an entertaining manner, and is embellished with six spirited illustrations. * * * The Monthly Record of Current Events is prepared with great ability, and embraces a concise but luminous review of the leading events of the past month, political, religious, and social, in this country and in Europe.—*Ulster Republican.*

The Harpers have evidently sprung a vein in the mine of literature abounding with precious ore, the surpassing value of which is every where acknowledged by the avidity with which it is received in exchange for specie.—*New Bedford Mercury.*

A great collection of literary pearls and diamonds, and all manner of precious stones, is presented to the reader in this unrivalled number of Harper's Magazine. It ranges over the widest variety of matter, from the elegant biographical portraitures of Abbott to the side-shaking comicalities of Punch. A rich variety of extracts from the English literature of the past month forms the staple of the number, while the usual valuable summaries keep the reader well posted up in recent events.—*N. Yorker.*

The article by Mr. Abbott, on the "The Childhood and Youth of Napoleon," is alone worth more than the price of the number. The residue of the contents, original and selected, is of the choicest character, and admirably adapted to suit the taste of all. The embellishments are as attractive as ever.— *Troy Daily Whig.*

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The Spring Course for 1852 will be commenced on March 8, 1852. Degrees will be conferred about the 10th of July, 1852. The fees and arrangements are the same as for the Winter Session.

For further information inquire of JAMES McCLINTOCK, M. D., Dean. Philadelphia, August 8, 1851. aug23 4t

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ECLECTIC MEDICAL INSTITUTE, Incorporated 1845. Total number of Matriculants to 1851—1,350

FACULTY.

The seventh winter session of this College will commence on the first Monday of November, 1851, and continue four months. The chairs of the Faculty will be arranged as follows:

I. G. JONES, M. D., Professor of Theory and Practice of Medicine.

R. S. NEWTON, M. D., Professor of Surgery.

B. L. HILL, M. D., Professor of Obstetrics, and Diseases of Women and Children.

Z. FREEMAN, M. D., Professor of Special, General and Pathological Anatomy.

J. R. BUCHANAN, M. D., Professor of Physiology, and Institutes of Medicine.

L. E. JONES, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica, and Therapeutics, and Medical Botany.

J. MILTON SANDERS, M. D., Professor of Chemistry, Pharmacy and Toxicology.

O. E. NEWTON, M. D., Demonstrator of Anatomy and Surgical Prosector.

A gratuitous Preliminary Course of Lectures will commence on the second Monday of October. At the same time the Demonstrator's rooms will be opened, with every facility for the study of Anatomy. Anatomical material is abundant and cheap. Prompt attendance at the opening of the session is expected.

TERMS.—Tickets to a full course of lectures (until graduation) $100 in advance, or a well-endorsed note for $125. To a single course of Lectures $60 in advance, or a well-endorsed note for $70. Matriculation ticket $5—Graduation $15—Demonstrator's ticket $5. Board costs from $2 00 to $2 50 per week. Students sometimes board themselves for much less. Students, upon their arrival in the city, will call at the office of Prof. R. S. Newton, on Seventh street, between Vine and Race. For further particulars, address Dr. R. S. Newton, or

JOS. R. BUCHANAN, M. D., Dean.

Cincinnati, Ohio, Aug., 1851. 1t

IMPORTANT TO TEACHERS, SUPERintendents, School Committees, Heads of Families. Just published—

FAMILIAR SCIENCE;

Or, The Scientific Explanation of Common Things. Edited by R. E. Peterson, member of the Academy of Natural Sciences in Phila. This work is one of the most valuable aids to instruction ever published.

From Professor W. H. Allen, President of the Girard College for Orphans. Philadelphia.

GIRARD COLLEGE, May 6, 1851.

ROBERT E. PETERSON.—Dear Sir,—I beg leave to tender my thanks for your courtesy in sending me a copy of "Familiar Science." I have read parts of each division of the work, and have been pleased with the precision of the questions, and the accuracy of the answers. The book is not merely a volume of *familiar knowledge,* but a volume in which much rare and profound knowledge is made *familiar* to the common mind and applied to common things. I consider the book a valuable contribution to our means of instruction in schools, and hope to see it generally introduced and used by teachers. Fathers of families also, who are now frequently puzzled by the questions of the young philosophers of their households, will do well to procure a copy and avoid saying so often, "*you do not know.*"

I remain truly yours, etc. WM. H. ALLEN.

It is also recommended by Prof James C. Booth, A. M., author of the Encyclopedia of Chemistry, melter and refiner in the U. S. Mint; Mrs. Almira Lincoln Phelps; the Right Rev. Bishop Potter; Rev. Lyman Coleman, D. D., Principal of the Presbyterian Institute, Philadelphia; the Rev. Father Searle, St. John's Cathedral, Philadelphia; Prof. N. C. Brooks, A. M., Principal of the Baltimore Female College, late Principal of the Baltimore High School; Hon. Joel Jones, ex-President of the Girard College; George H. Doane, Instructor in Chemistry, and Lecturer on Physiology, at Burlington College; Hon. Philip F. Thomas, ex-Governor of Maryland; T. S. Arthur, Esq., and many others. The work is well got up, 1 vol., 12mo., bound in sheep, fine white paper, large type, 580 pages, and is furnished at the low price of 75 cts., from which a deduction is made to Teachers. It should be in every school and family in the United States.

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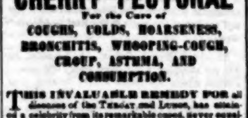

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For the Cure of

COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION.

THIS INVALUABLE REMEDY FOR all diseases of the THROAT and LUNGS, has attained a celebrity from its remarkable cures, never equalled by any other medicine before. Other Preparations have shown themselves palliatives, and sometimes effected notable cures, but none has ever so fully won the confidence of every community where it is known. After years of trial in every climate, the results have indisputably shown it to possess a mastery over this dangerous class of diseases, which could not fail to attract the attention of physicians, patients, and the public at large.

See the statements, not of obscure individuals and from far distant places, but of men who are known and respected throughout the country.

The widely celebrated Surgeon, Doctor VALENTINE MOTT, of New York City, says:

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Dear Sir: I wish I could tell all that suffer with a cough, what your CHERRY PECTORAL has done for me. It does seem they might be benefitted by the information. I had a lung fever which left my lungs weak and inflamed. Being very feeble and unable to gain strength at all, my friends thought I must soon sink in consumption. I had no appetite, and a dreadful cough was fast wearing me away. I began to take your beautiful medicine, by the advice of a clergyman, who had seen its effects before. It eased my cough at first, and gave me rest at night. In less than a fortnight I could eat well, and my cough had ceased to be troublesome, my appetite returned, and my food nourished me, which soon restored my strength. Now, after five weeks, I am well and strong, with no other help than your Cherry Pectoral.

Yours, with respect, JULIA DEAN.

I hereby certify that the above statement of my wife is in conformity with my own views of her case and her cure by Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

JOSEPH DEAN.

The above named Joseph Dean and Julia, his wife, are personally known to me, and implicit confidence may be placed in their statement.

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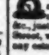
The following extract is from a report made by a committee of scientific and practical gentlemen, appointed by the American Institute:

"Your committee are of unanimous opinion, that in the apparatus invented by Mr. R. M. Hoe, for grinding saws, he has displayed great ingenuity and tact in the adaptation of machinery to the production of results in the manufacture of Saws, which may with propriety be denominated the *ne plus ultra* of the art." aug2 6m

Publishers of Newspapers who will insert this advertisement three times with this note, and forward us a paper containing the same, will be paid in printing materials, by purchasing four times the amount of their bill, for the advertisement.

CHEAP WATCHES, JEWELRY, &C.



The subscriber would beg leave to call the attention of the public to a large and fresh supply of Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry, &c., just received at the old stand, No. 15 North Sixth Street, which he will sell at prices to compete with any establishment in the United States.

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THIS VALUABLE PREPARATION combines all the medicinal virtues of those articles which long experience has proved to possess the most safe and efficient alterative and deobstruent properties for the cure of SCROFULA, KING'S EVIL, WHITE SWELLINGS, ULCERS, SCROFULOUS, CANCEROUS AND INDOLENT TUMORS, MERCURIAL AND SYPHILITIC AFFECTIONS, GOITRE or BRONCHOCELE, (swelled neck,) Enlargement and ULCERATIONS of the Bones, Joints, Glands, or Ligaments, or of the Ovaries, Uterus, Liver, Spleen, Kidneys, &c. All the various Diseases of the Skin, such as TETTER or SALT RHEUM, RINGWORM, BOILS, PIMPLES, CARBUNCLES, SORE EYES, &c. DYSPEPSIA AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, NERVOUS AFFECTIONS, DROPSY AND DROPSICAL SWELLINGS, CONSTITUTIONAL DISORDERS, and Diseases originating from a depraved or IMPERFECT STATE OF THE BLOOD, or other fluids of the body. All diseases of a mixed or complicated character. Also, many affections PECULIAR TO FEMALES, as Suppression, Irregularity, Leucorrhoea or Whites, Sterility, Ovarian and Uterine Dropsy, &c., &c.

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In hundreds of cases of GOITRE, in which this ALTERATIVE has been faithfully and perseveringly used, it has never failed, in a single instance, to completely remove the disease. Not a solitary case of FAILURE. All were cured who continued its use according to the directions. The success it has met with in curing Bronchocele and Scrofulous Affections is a convincing proof that those dangerous and horrible diseases may be removed with as much certainty as Fever and Ague. And that there is good reason for believing that this preparation will not only cure those diseases when formed, but that it DESTROYS THE VIRUS or POISONOUS PRINCIPLE lurking in the system, from which their peculiar class of diseases emanate.

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For these affections the ALTERATIVE is the only medicine that has ever been known, on which the smallest reliance could be placed. It has been tried in a great many cases of this class of diseases, and although it has not in every instance been entirely successful, yet the average proportion of its cures have been at least two out of every three.

CHOREA—ST. VITUS' OR ST. ANTHONY'S DANCE.

A large number of well authenticated and hopeless cases of this disease have been cured by the use of this valuable Alterative.

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Cases frequently occur in which the patient appears to be laboring under several diseases at one and the same time, causing much anxiety and embarrassment in the treatment. This Alterative has frequently been used in such cases with very beneficial results.

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This ALTERATIVE used in conjunction with the SANATIVE PILLS, has proved of immense value to many affections of the HEART, as Enlargement, (not Aneurism) Dropsy of the Pericardium, or sack, which surrounds the heart, Ossification of the Auricles or Ventricles of the Heart or of the Valves of the Aorta, or large Arteries, Metastasis, or translation of Neuralgia, Gout, or Rheumatism to the heart, &c. It causes the bony substance or water deposited in and about the heart to be absorbed and carried away, reducing the heart to its natural and healthy condition.

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This medicine is considered by many physicians who have used it as a SPECIFIC in DROPSY. It increases the power of Digestion, excites the absorbents into healthy exercise, by which the WATERY OR CALCAREOUS DEPOSITIONS and all unnatural enlargements are reduced. It imparts tone and vitality to the whole system, removing sick and morbid headaches, giddiness, wandering pains, and nervous affections.

DYSPEPSIA AND LIVER COMPLAINT.

It has been used in conjunction with the SANATIVE PILLS, in numerous cases of LIVER COMPLAINT and DYSPEPSIA, and with the happiest effect.

ENLARGEMENTS OF THE BONES, JOINTS, RHEUMATISM, &c.

Frequently, after attacks of Gout, Neuralgia, Rickets, &c., the Bones, Ligaments, and Joints become more or less enlarged. In those affections, the ALTERATIVE has repeatedly been successful after all other means had failed. ☞ See Catalogue of Diseases in Medical Almanac.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE ABDOMEN.

A lady from Pittsburg was put under my care and treatment for an Enlargement of the Abdomen, which had been constantly increasing for upwards of two years. The enlargement was so great that when she was in a sitting position, the abdomen came beyond and rested upon her knees. In her case the bowels were regulated by the SANATIVE PILLS—the ALTERATIVE constantly given all the time, three times a day, and towards the last she drank daily from a half to three halfpints of an infusion of Uvi Ursi leaves. This treatment restored her to perfect health in about five months.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE OVARIES.

A lady of Chester county, Pa., who had long been severely afflicted with an immense Enlargement of the Ovaries, which appeared to fill the entire cavity of the Abdomen, was entirely cured by using the ALTERATIVE, according to the directions, for between five and six months.

EPILEPTIC FITS.

By a persevering use of this ALTERATIVE, a large majority of cases of this dreadful disease have been cured.

FUNGUS HÆMATODES.

Several cases of this horrible disease have been cured by the use of this ALTERATIVE. ☞ See the case of John Lakens in the Medical Almanac.

GOUT.—A number of cases of GOUT have been cured by this preparation.

ULCERS of all kind, whether they be SCROFULOUS, CANCEROUS, SCORBUTIC, or accidental, or whether of the flesh, skin, mucous membrane or bones, yield to the penetrating and healing influences of this ALTERATIVE.

MANIA FROM MELANCHOLY

May arise from many causes, but none more frequently than from diseases of the Uterus, the Liver, or of the Digestive Organs. The ALTERATIVE is an invaluable remedy in such cases.

ERYSIPELAS, ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE, OR ROSE.

Innumerable certificates have been received of its curing the most inveterate and malignant cases of both Acute and Chronic Erysipelas.

MERCURIAL AND SYPHILITIC AFFECTIONS

Are removed by this preparation, after all other remedies have failed in giving the smallest relief.

MILK, OR WHITE LEG.

This disease is described by writers under the name of "*Phlegmasia Dolens.*" It is an exceedingly painful inflammation and swelling of one or more of the lower extremities, attended with more or less fever, to attacks of which ladies are liable immediately after their confinement, and, if not subdued at the onset, is apt to render them cripples for life. This ALTERATIVE has never failed in a single instance to subdue this painful affection.

MUCOUS MEMBRANE, INFLAMMATION OF.

Chronic inflammation of the Mucous Membrane is of frequent occurrence, and is generally very tedious in its cure. It attacks the lining of the nose, ears, throat, windpipe, and other mucous surfaces, and is generally attended with a discharge, more or less offensive.

For this disease the ALTERATIVE is the only remedy on which any reliance can be placed.

NEURALGIA OR TIC DOLOREUX.

It has been used in many cases of Neuralgia or Tic Doloreux, and always with success.

RHEUMATISM.

This preparation has been prescribed in a great many cases of Chronic Rheumatism, and in every case where it was used until the system became affected by the medicine, the disease was removed. Indeed, it seldom fails of completely subduing this disease.

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When used in conjunction with the external application of the HAIR TONIC, this ALTERATIVE is a never failing remedy for SCALD HEAD. ☞ See MEDICAL ALMANAC for proofs.

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Scrofula in all its multiplied forms, whether in that of King's Evil, Enlargement of the Glands, or Bones, Goitre, WHITE SWELLINGS, Chronic Rheumatism, Cancer, Diseases of the Skin, or Spine or of Pulmonary Consumption, emanate from one and the same cause, which is a poisonous principle more or less inherent in the human system. Therefore, unless this principle be destroyed, no radical cure can be effected; but if the principle upon which the disease depends is removed, a cure must of necessity follow, no matter under what form the disease should manifest itself. This ALTERATIVE is almost always successful in reflecting these desirable results, which it destroys the virus, or poisonous principle from which these diseases have their origin, by entering into the circulation, and with the blood is conveyed to the minutest fibre, removing every particle of disease from the system.

SKIN DISEASES.

It has been prescribed in a great variety of Cutaneous Affections, and found successful in curing Salt Rheum, Tetter, Boils, Blotches, Pimples, Scald Head, Erysipelas, Morphew and Jaundiced Skin, &c. Also in Diseases and Ulcerations from the Lining Membrane of the Throat, Nose, and Ears, and from the Kidneys and Urinary Passages, Leucorrhoea, &c.

ULCERATION OF THE BONES.

This ALTERATIVE has far surpassed the expectations of the most ardent and sanguine, in its healing influence over ulcers of all kinds, but particularly in ulceration and exfoliation of the bones, &c. Of an immense number who have been cured, one only will be mentioned. It is the case of a young lady in New Jersey, who suffered many years with disease of the Hip Joint, until at length it ulcerated through the bones into the bowels, so that she constantly discharged large pieces of bone and pus. She [illegible] her case was considered hopeless. Her [illegible] for nearly two years, her father procured the ALTERATIVE, and gave her between 5 and 6 dozen of it, which restored her to health.

See also cases of Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Ross.

WEAKNESS OF THE EYES.

In cases of weakness of the eyes, from want of power in the Optic Nerves, the ALTERATIVE has been found of immense value, as indeed it is in all cases of Nervous Debility. A lady of this city, by the name of Swayne, says that she had long suffered of weakness of the eyes, so much so as to compel her to confine herself for a whole year to a dark room, and afterwards her eyes were so tender that she was obliged to shade them by wearing green or blue spectacles. She had been in this condition for a long time, when she was induced to try the ALTERATIVE and SANATIVE PILLS for Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, which not only cured her, but also strengthened her eyes, so that she was enabled to read the finest print, and to do fine work, by candle-light, without the aid of glasses.

FEMALE DISEASES.

In many affections peculiar to females, especially when arriving at maturity, or in the "decline or change of life," this ALTERATIVE is unsurpassed by any other remedy, as in Chlorosis, or paleness, irregularity, painfulness, or suppression of customary evacuations; Ulcerated or Scirrhous state of the Uterus, Leucorrhoea, or Whites, Sterility, whether in consequence of local or general disease, or of local and general debility. In short, in all cases whether in male or female, where the mental and physical powers of the constitution have been prostrated by disease, self-abuse, dissipation, or other causes.

In fact, in every case where the medicine has been taken for some time, no matter for what purpose, the general health of the patient has always been improved by it.

Prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 84 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia, where may be had JAYNE'S MEDICAL ALMANAC AND GUIDE TO HEALTH, together with all his other "Family Medicines." aug9-3m

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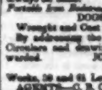
Works, 59 and 61 Lewis Street.

AGENTS—C. B. Conant & Co., 215 Pearl Street, New York. jy5-3m

New York, April 14 1851.

CHEAP WATCHES AND JEWELRY.



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Gold Lever Watches, full jewelled, 18 carat case, $28.00 and over.

Gold Lepine Watches, jewelled, 18 carat case, $24.00 and over.

Silver Lever Watches, full jewelled, $12.00 and over.

Silver Lepine Watches, jewelled, $9.00 and over.

Silver Quartier Watches, from $4.50 to 9.00 and over.

Diamond Pointed Gold Pens with silver case, $1.00 and over.

Silver Tea Spoons, equal to coin, per set, $5.00 and over.

" Desert Spoons, do. do. $10.00 and over.

" Table Spoons, do. do. $15.00 and over.

Watch Glasses, best quality, plain 12½ cents, patent 18¾, lunet 25 cents. Other articles in proportion. All goods warranted to be what they are sold for. On hand a large assortment of Gold and Silver Watches, fine Gold Jewelry and Silver Ware.

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No. 96 North Second Street, corner of Quarry.

I. O. O. F.

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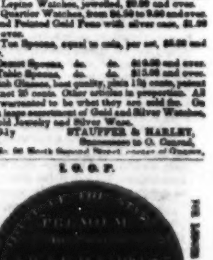

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Selected Poetry.

THE PICTURE OF SAPPHO.

[illegible]

Such is the fate they tell!
Vain was thy beauty's spell—
Vain all the praise thy song could still inspire,
Though many a happy band
Rung with less skilful hand
The borrowed loveliness of thy sobbing lyre.

Ease, to thy breaking heart
No comfort could impart,
In vain thy brow the laurel wreath was wearing;
One grief and one alone
Could bow thy bright head down—
Thou wert a woman, and wert left despairing!

Selected Articles.

NAPOLEON.

FROM LAMARTINE'S "RESTORATION."

The English edition of Lamartine's latest work has been issued in London. [illegible]

NAPOLEON'S POLICY JUDGED.

[illegible]

This is the founder! This is the man!—a man instead of a revolution!—a man instead of an epoch!—a man instead of a country!—a man instead of a nation! Nothing after him! nothing around him but his shadow, [illegible] the eighteenth century, [illegible] and concentrated in himself alone. Personal glory will be always spoken of as characterising the age of Napoleon; but it will never mark the genius bestowed upon that of Augustus, of Charlemagne, and of Louis XIV. There is no age; there is only a name; and this name signifies nothing to humanity but himself.

False in institutions, for he retrograded; false in policy, for he debased; false in morals, for he corrupted; false in civilization, for he oppressed; false in diplomacy, for he isolated—he was only true in war; for he shed torrents of human blood. But what can we then allow him? His individual genius was great; but it was the genius of materialism. His intelligence was vast and clear, but it was the intelligence of calculation. He counted, he weighed, he measured; but he felt not; he loved not; he sympathised with none; he was a statue rather than a man. Therein lay his inferiority to Alexander and to Caesar; he resembled more the Hannibal of the [illegible]. [illegible]

[illegible]

NAPOLEON IN 1814.

[illegible]

NAPOLEON AND THE COUNTESS WALESKI.

[illegible]

LOVE AND LOTS IN LOUISIANA.

The New Orleans Delta gives an amusing passage in the life of the millionaire, John McDonogh—in which love and business were vainly sought to be mixed up.

Mr. McDonogh had reached a mature age. He was grave and sedate for his years. His landed possessions were large even then. He had commenced his grand design of surrounding this city, as he said, with his lines of circumvallation. But, unfortunately, some lands intervened, which belonged to a very wealthy and gay widow lady. Mr. McDonogh endeavored to purchase these lots. He sent a great many persons, who offered the widow a very large price for her property, but she would not sell—he in the meantime remained secret, not allowing it to be known that he was the person in pursuit of this property. All his efforts proved abortive. At last, one day, what was the surprise of the widow, to be waited upon by the wealthy John McDonogh himself, dressed in a bran new suit, with a spacious white vest, and bearing under his arm that identical green umbrella, which twenty years afterwards constituted one of the peculiarities of his appearance in our streets. Shown into the lady's parlor, Mr. McDonogh, upon the appearance of the widow, immediately commenced to unfold the object of his visit. He stated that he owned large possessions, and hoped, ere he died, to possess the greater part of the landed estate in Louisiana,—that this was the darling object of his ambition, but, unfortunately, his own means were not adequate to the attainment of his high aim. He only lacked one thing—at the same time infusing all the humanity of his soul into the big basilisk eyes which glared upon the handsome face of the widow.

"What was that? What could Mr. McDonogh want?" inquired the lady.

With his usual business-like promptitude, Mr. McDonogh replied—

"Your hand, Madam."

"My hand!" exclaimed the lady, bursting out into laughter.

"Together," added Mr. McDonogh, "with your swamp lands in the rear of the city!"

What followed, the legend omits: but the result was that Mr. McDonogh was seen to leave the widow's house with a countenance denoting indignation and surprise. He vowed revenge, and lived to execute it.

Years afterwards, this same widow, having been offered a large price for a piece of city property, found that two lots at the corner of the square, which was chiefly owned by her, were the property of Mr. John McDonogh. It was necessary that she should have these lots to complete her sale. They had cost Mr. McDonogh but a few hundred dollars. What was her surprise, on sending a broker to him, to be informed that he might take $50,000, but nothing less. The widow determined to try the virtue of a little personal persuasion; perhaps she could kindle the old flame, and thus induce him to relax. Accordingly, she paid him a visit. She found him at his dreary old house at McDonoghville. He was buried in musty papers, surrounded by his negro clerks, copying records. A single empty chair sat in the room. The widow took this, and immediately commenced the object of her mission. Great was her surprise to be informed by Mr. McDonogh, that it was impossible for him to sell the lots in question. He owned no property himself. It was all God Almighty's, whose agent he was, without the power to sell.

At last, having exhausted all other arts, the lady thought she would try the effect of old reminiscences and associations, so she blushingly and softly inquired of the stern old millionaire how it was that he should have once offered her his hand and heart, and was now unwilling to grant her this small privilege? "That," responded the hard-hearted votary of Mammon, "was many years ago; then I was thoughtless and giddy, and you, Madam, were young and handsome."

☞ A Minister was walking out one day, and passed two little boys, one of whom made a bow. As he turned back, he heard the following amusing conversation:

"Why, John, didn't you know that was Parson B——?"

"Yes, of course I did!"

"Why did you not make a bow to him?"

"Why, mother don't belong to his church."

Wit and Humor.

FREE AND EASY.

We received an anecdote lately, [illegible] told by Rev. J. [illegible]

[illegible]

"Yes, sir," was the reply [illegible]

"H. Clay?"

"The same, sir."

"I came from Alabama on purpose to see you; but don't get yourself out of my way; you are a great man, sir; and when I'm at home I'm some pumpkins, too; but I often tell our boys that Clay and I are bound to shine, [illegible] do we live for? [illegible] In fact, Hank, what's the use in being a fellow, unless you are a h— of a fellow! Henry, good-morning."

And the Alabama man took his departure.—*Detroit Advertiser.*

Apt Persuasion.—The Earl of St. Alban's, Secretary to Queen Henrietta Maria during all her misfortunes, found himself at the Restoration but in an indifferent condition.

Being one day with Charles II., when all distinctions were laid aside, a stranger came with an importunate suit for an employment of great value which was just then vacant. The King ordered him to be admitted, and bid the Earl personate himself. The gentleman addressed himself accordingly, commenced his services to the royal family, and hoped the grant of the place would not be deemed too great a reward. "By no means," replied the Earl, "and I am only sorry that as soon as I heard of the vacancy I conferred it on my faithful friend the Earl of St. Alban's, (pointing to the King,) who has constantly followed the fortunes of my father and myself, and has hitherto gone unrewarded; but when anything of this kind happens again worthy of your acceptance, pray let me see you." The gentleman withdrew; the King smiled at the jest, and confirmed the grant to the Earl.—*Addison's Anecdotes.*

Shopping—Modest Clerk.—A beautiful girl was out shopping a few days since, and entered a store, where she found a fresh-looking, rosy-cheeked young clerk; and stepping up to the place where he was located, asked if he had any silk hose.

"Certainly, Miss," replied he, and forthwith the counter was strewed with the delicate articles.

"How high do they come?" asked the young Miss, in a very low tone of voice.

The modest clerk looked at his customer, blushed, turned all sorts of colors, but did not answer the question. She gave him a surprised look, and repeated it:

"How high do they come?"

Again the clerk blushed at such an immodest question; but managed to stammer out:

"Really, Miss—that is to say—I don't know—I think, but I am not positive—my impression is that they come just above the knee!"

Pathetic.—Some poet who evidently thinks "our wrongs is intolerable"—probably himself the unfortunate husband of a Bloomer—comes out in the "Carpet Bag" in a dozen stanzas of profound grief, most eloquently done into rhyme. The following is his description of the gradual encroachment of womankind on the territories of pantaloons. He says:

They took our hats—at first we hardly missed them—
And then they aped our dickeys and cravats;
They stole our sacks—we only laughed and kissed them;
Emboldened then, they wore our very hats;
Until, by slow and sure degrees, the witches
Have taken all, our coats, hats, boots and breeches.

In Season and Out of Season.—A clergyman, who has the care of a country parish not very far from this city, one Sunday, during a season of protracted drought, prayed very earnestly for rain. At the close of the service, one of his parishioners approached him and exclaimed—

"Why, Mr. A., how came you to pray for rain? Do you know that most of us are in the midst of harvest, and that rain would be injurious to us just now, dry as it certainly is?"

"Oh, yes," replied the preacher, "I knew all that; but then, brother B., I have just sown a field of turnips, and prayed for rain on my own account!"

On Hand.—A farmer hired a sailor to dig a patch of potatoes upon condition of being allowed a bottle of whiskey to begin with. In about an hour, the farmer went to see how the son of Neptune had progressed with his business of farming, when he found him holding to a stump, the bottle lying empty at his feet, and no potatoes dug.

"Halloo, you rascal!" said he, "is this the way you dig potatoes?"

"If you want your potatoes dug," said the sailor, hiccoughing, "bring 'em on, for I'm not going to run all round the lot after 'em."

Miscellaneous.

INDIAN JUGGLERS.

The wonderful performances of the Jugglers of India—bordering often on the miraculous—have often excited the astonishment of travellers. Men not easily deceived have tried to fathom the mysteries of the tricks exhibited, without avail. A late writer of the work styled "A Peep at the Peraheras," one of the religious festivals of the Buddhists of Ceylon, incidentally alludes to some tricks he witnessed, which partake strongly of the marvellous. "Forcing my way," he says, "to one corner of the shed, I found a company of Indian Jugglers, consisting of two men, a girl, and a child of perhaps three years. The men were habited in strange, uncouth dresses, with large strings of heavy black beads round their necks; the girl was simply and neatly clad in white, with silver bangles and anklets, and a necklace of native diamonds. It would be impossible to detail all their extraordinary performances, which far exceeded any thing I had ever read of their art. The quantity of iron and brass ware which they contrived to swallow, was truly marvellous; ten-penny nails, clasp-knives, gimlets, were all treated as so many items of pastry or confectionery, and I could but picture to myself the havoc a dozen of these cormorants would commit in an iron-monger's shop. Not the least remarkable of their feats was that of producing a sheet of water upon the sand close at our feet; and, after conjuring upon its clear surface half-a-dozen young ducks and geese, suddenly causing it to freeze in such a solid mass, as to allow our walking across it without causing so much as a crack in its crystal body. One more feat I must relate; which was that of suspending the girl while seated on a sort of ottoman, to the ridge pole of the shed; and, at a given signal, removing the rope by which she hung, leaving her still suspended in the air—not with a regular apparatus, such as is used by the performers of a similar trick in London and Paris, but apparently with no apparatus at all! Yet, to my exceeding amazement, a sword was given to me, as the only European of the company, and I was told to cut and slash as much as I pleased above and around the girl. After some hesitation, I hacked and hewed the air in every direction, around and close to the suspended maiden with a vigor which would inevitably cut asunder any means of support; yet there she swung unmoved, without any sort of apparent agent of suspension except the air itself! [illegible] concluded the entertainment. When I left the place it was night."

A DEFENCE OF THE ALCHEMISTS.

[illegible]

It is the prevailing ignorance of chemistry, and especially of its history, which is the source of the very ludicrous and excessive [illegible] of ourselves, with which many look back on the age of alchemy; as if it were possible, or even conceivable, that for more than a thousand years the most learned and acute men, such as Francis Bacon, Spinoza, and Leibnitz could have regarded as true and well-founded an opinion void of all foundation. On the contrary, we must not suppose, as a matter beyond a doubt, that the idea of the transmutability of metals stood in the most perfect harmony with all the observations and all the knowledge of that age, and in contradiction to none of them?

In the first stage of the development of science, the alchemists could not possibly have any other notions of the nature of metals than those which they actually held. No others were admissible, or even possible; and their views were, consequently, by natural law, inevitable. Without these ideas, chemistry would not now stand in its present perfection; and in order to call the science into existence, and in the course of fifteen hundred or two thousand years to bring it to the point which it has now reached, it would have been necessary to create the science anew. We hear it said that the idea of the philosopher's stone was an error; but all our views have been developed from errors, and that which to-day we regard as truth in chemistry, may, perhaps, before to-morrow, be recognized as a fallacy.

Every theory which urges men to labor and research, which excites acuteness and sustains perseverance, is a gain to science; for it is labor and research which lead to discoveries. The three laws of Kepler, which are regarded as the foundation of modern astronomy, were not derived from just views of the nature of that force which retains the planets in their revolutions and in their orbits, but are simply deductions obtained by the art of experimenting; that is to say, by labor and research.

The most lively imagination, the most acute intellect, is not capable of devising a thought which could have acted more powerfully and constantly on the minds and faculties of men, than that very idea of the philosopher's stone. It was that same hope which urged thousands of adventurers, with and after Columbus, to venture fortune and life on the discovery of a New World, and which, in our day, drives hundreds of thousands to cross the mountains of Western America, and thus to spread cultivation and civilization over that hitherto neglected part of the globe.

In order to know that the philosopher's stone did not really exist, it is indispensable that every substance accessible to study and observation should be observed and examined, in accordance with the scientific resources of the time. But it is precisely in this that we perceive the almost miraculous influence of the idea. The strength of the opinion could not be broken, till science had reached a certain stage of development. During centuries, as we have seen, whenever doubt arose, and the laborers became languid in their efforts, a mysterious unknown was sure to appear at the right moment, who convinced some prominent and trustworthy men of the reality of the great Magisterium.

* * * * *

Many of the fundamental or leading ideas of the present time appear, to him who knows not what science has already achieved, as extravagant as the notions of the alchemists. Not, indeed, the transmutation of metals, which seemed so probable to the ancients, but far stranger things are held by us to be attainable. We have become so accustomed to wonders, that nothing any longer excites our wonder. We fix the solar rays on paper, and send our thoughts literally with the velocity of lightning, to the greatest distances. We can, as it were, melt copper in cold water, and cast it into statues.—We can freeze water into ice, or mercury into a solid malleable mass, in white-hot crucibles; and we consider it quite practicable to illuminate most brightly entire cities with lamps devoid of flame or fire, and to which the air has no access. We produce, artificially, ultramarine, one of the most precious minerals; and we believe that to-morrow or next day, some one may discover a method of producing, from a piece of charcoal, a splendid diamond; from a bit of alum, sapphires or rubies; or from coal-tar the beautiful coloring principle of madder, or the valuable remedies known as quinine and morphine. All these things are either as precious or more useful than gold. Every one is occupied in the attempt to discover them, and yet this is the occupation of no individual inquirer. All are occupied with these things, inasmuch as they study the laws of the changes and transformations to which matter is subject; and yet no one individual is specially engaged in these researches, inasmuch as no one, for example, devotes his life and energies to the solution of the problem of making diamonds or quinine. Did such a man exist, furnished with the necessary knowledge, and with the courage and perseverance of the old gold-makers, he would have a good prospect of being enabled to solve such problems. The latest discoveries on the constitution and production of the organic bases permit us to believe all this, without giving to any one the right to ridicule us as makers of gold.

Nay, he adds:

The philosopher's stone, for which the ancients sought with a dim and ill-defined impulse, was, in its perfection, nothing else than the science of chemistry. Is that not the philosopher's stone which promises to increase the fertility of our fields, and to insure the prosperity of additional millions of mankind? Does not chemistry promise that, instead of seven grains, we shall be enabled to raise eight or more on the same soil? Is that science not the philosopher's stone which changes the ingredients of the crust of the earth into useful products, to be further transformed, by commerce, into gold? Is that knowledge not the philosopher's stone which promises to disclose to us the laws of life, and which must finally yield to us the means of curing diseases and of prolonging life?

One more curious passage we must give:

That which chiefly excites our wonder is, that the existence of the philosopher's stone should have been regarded, for so many centuries, as a truth established beyond all doubt, while yet no one possessed it, and each adept only maintained that it was in the possession of another.

Who, indeed, could entertain a doubt, after Van Helmont had declared, in 1618, that on several occasions there had been sent to him, from an unknown hand, one-fourth of a grain of the precious material, with which he had converted into pure gold eight ounces of quicksilver? Did not Helvetius, the distinguished body physician to the Prince of Orange, and the bitter opponent of alchemy, himself relate, in his *Vitulus aureus* [illegible] (1667), that he had obtained the most convincing proofs of the existence of the philosopher's stone? For he, the skeptic, had received, from a stranger, a fragment of the size of half a rape seed, and therewith, in the presence of his wife and son, had transmuted six drachms of lead into gold, which stood the tests applied to it by the War[illegible]

[illegible]

MAN IS OF AIR.

[illegible]

TRIFLES.

A cloud may intercept the sun,
A web by insect-workers spun
Preserve the life within the frame,
Or vapors take away the same.
A grain of sand upon the sight
May rob a giant of his might!
Or needle point let out his breath,
And make a banquet-meal for Death.

How often, at a single word,
The heart with agony is stirred,
And ties that years could not have riven,
Are scattered to the winds of Heaven.
A glance, that looks what lips would speak,
Will speed the pulse and blanch the cheek;
And thoughts, not looked, nor yet express'd,
Create a chaos in the breast.

A smile of hope from those we love
May be an angel from above;
A whispered welcome in our ears
Be as the music of the spheres.
The pressure of a gentle hand
Worth all that glitters in the land;
Oh! trifles are not what they are,
But fortune's ruling voice and star.

THE GERMANS.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

I have been but two days wholly among the Germans, but I had previously met many of them in England, Italy and Switzerland. They are seen to the best advantage at home. Their uniform courtesy (save in the detestable habit of smoking where others cannot help being annoyed by their fumes,) indicates not merely good nature but genuine kindness of heart. I have not seen a German quarrelling or scolding any where in Europe. The deference of members of the same family to each other's happiness in cars, hotels and steamboats has that quiet, unconscious manner which distinguishes a habit from a holiday ornament. The entire absence of pretence, of ostentation, of a desire to be thought a personage and not a mere person, is scarcely more universal in Switzerland than here. But in fact I have found Aristocracy a chronic disease nowhere but in Great Britain. In France, there is absolutely nothing of it; there are monarchists in that country—monarchists from tradition, from conviction, from policy, or from class interest—but of Aristocracy scarcely a trace is left. Your Paris boot-black will make you a low bow in acknowledgment of a franc, but he has not a trace of the abjectness of a London waiter, and would evidently decline the honor of being kicked by a Duke. In Italy, there is little manhood but no class-worship; her millions of beggars will not abase themselves one whit lower before a Prince than before any one else from whom they hope to worm a copper. The Swiss are freemen, and wear the fact unconsciously but palpably on their brows and beaming from their eyes. The Germans submit passively to arbitrary power which they are not now competent fully to resist, but they render to rank or dignity no more homage than is necessary—their souls are still free. And their manners evince a simplicity and frankness which might shame or at least instruct America. On the Rhine, the steamboats are so small and shabby, without staterooms, berth-rooms, or even an upper deck—that the passengers are necessarily at all times under each other's observation, and, as the fare is high, and twice as much in the main as in the forward cabin, it may be fairly presumed that among those who pay the higher charge are none of the poorest class—no more laborers for wages. Yet in this main cabin well-dressed young ladies would take out their home-prepared dinner, and eat it at their own good time without seeking the company and countenance of others, or troubling themselves to see who was observing. A Lowell factory-girl would consider this entirely out of character—and a New York milliner would be shocked at the idea of it.

The Germans are a patient, long-suffering race. Of their forty millions outside of Austria, probably less than an eighth at all approve or even acquiesce in the despotic policy in which their rulers are leagued, and which has rendered Germany for the present a mere out-post of Russia—an unfinished Poland. These people are intelligent as well as brave—they see and feel, yet endure and forbear. Perhaps their course is wiser than that which hot impetuosity would prompt—nay, I believe it is. If they can patiently suffer without losing heart, until France shall have extricated herself from the toils of her treacherous misrulers, they may then resume their rights almost without a blow. And whenever a new 1848 shall dawn upon them, they will have learned to improve its opportunities and avoid its weaknesses and blunders. Heaven speed its auspicious coming.

Study.—To study successfully, the body must be healthy, the mind at ease, and time managed with great economy. Persons who study many hours in the day, should perhaps have two separate pursuits going on at the same time—one for one part of the day, and the other for the other; and these of as opposite a nature as possible—as Euclid and Ariosto; Locke and Homer; Mathematics, and Voyages round the globe; that the mind may be refreshed by change, and all the bad effects of lassitude avoided. There is one piece of advice, in a life of study, which I think no one will object to; and that is, every now and then to be completely idle—to do nothing at all; indeed this part of a life of study is commonly considered as so decidedly superior to the rest, that it has almost obtained an exclusive preference over those other parts of the system, with which I wish to see it connected.

An Extraordinary Altar-Piece.—"Over a Popish altar at Worms," says Burnet, "there is a picture one would think designed to ridicule transubstantiation. There is a windmill, and the Virgin Mary throws Christ into the hopper, and He comes out at the eye of the mill all in wafers, which a priest takes up to give to the people."—*Cunningham's Life of Hogarth.*

Choice Extract.

EARLY FRIENDS.

[illegible]

[illegible] my head again, (for she was blind) and then smoothed down the [illegible] of her apron, and [illegible] her slings, "to look tidy in the presence of a gentleman." And she told me long stories about the old house, and how the people came in afterwards; and she called me "Sir" sometimes, and sometimes "Paul." But I asked her only to say Paul; she seemed glad for this, and talked easier; and went on to tell of my old playmates, and how we used to ride the gray-pony Jacko!—and how we gathered nuts—such heaping piles; and how we used to play fox and geese through the long winter evenings; and how my poor mother would smile—but here I asked her to stop. She could have gone on much longer, for I believe she loved our house and people better than she loved her own.

As for uncle, the cold, silent man, who lived with his books in the house on the hill, and who used to frighten me sometimes with his look, he grew very feeble after I left, and almost crazed. The country people said that he was mad; and Isabel with her sweet heart clung to him, and would lead him out when his step tottered, to the seat in the garden, and read to him out of the books he loved to hear. And sometimes, they told me, she would read to him some letters that I had written to Lilly or to Ben, and asked him if he remembered Paul who saved her from drowning under the tree in the meadow? But he could only shake his head and mutter something about how old and feeble he had grown.

They wrote me afterwards that he died, and was buried in a far away place, where his wife once lived, and where he now sleeps beside her. Isabel was struck with grief, and came to live for a time with Lilly; but when they wrote me last, she had gone back to her old home—where Tray was buried—where we had played together so often, through the long days of summer.

I was glad I should find her there when I came back. Lilly and Ben where both living nearer to the city when I landed from my long journey over the seas; but still I went to Isabel first.—Perhaps I had heard so much oftener from the others that I felt less eager to see them; or perhaps I wanted to save my best visits to the last; or perhaps—I did not think it—perhaps I loved Isabel better than them all.

So I went into the country, thinking all the way how she must have changed since I left.—She must be now sixteen or twenty; and then her grief must have saddened her face somewhat; but I thought I should like her all the better for that. Then perhaps she would not laugh and tease me, but would be quieter, and wear a smile—so calm and beautiful, I thought. Her figure, too, must have grown more elegant, and she would have more dignity in her air.

I shuddered a little at this; for I thought,—she will hardly think so much of me then; perhaps she will have seen those whom she likes a great deal better. Perhaps she will not like me at all; yet I knew very well that I should like her.

I had gone up almost to the house; I had passed the stream where we fished on that day many years before; and I thought that now since she had grown to womanhood, I should never sit with her there again, and surely never drag her as I did out of the river, and never chafe her little hands, and never perhaps kiss her, as I did, when she sat upon my mother's lap—oh, no—no—no.

I saw where she buried Tray, but the old slab was gone; there was no ribbon there now. I thought that at least Isabel would have replaced the slab; but it was a wrong thought. I trembled when I went up to the door—for it flashed upon me that perhaps—Isabel was married. I could not tell why she should not; but I knew it would make me uncomfortable to hear that she had.

There was a tall woman who opened the door; she did not know me; but I recognized her as one of the old servants. I asked after the housekeeper first, thinking I would surprise Isabel.—My heart fluttered somewhat, thinking she might step in suddenly herself—or perhaps that she might have seen me coming up the hill. But even then, I thought, she would hardly know me.

Presently the housekeeper came in, looking very grave; she asked if the gentleman wished to see her.

The gentleman did wish it, and she sat down on one side of the fire; for it was Autumn, and the leaves were falling, and the November winds were very chilly.

Shall I tell her—thought I—who I am, and ask at once for Isabel? I tried to ask—but it was hard for me to call her name; it was very strange—but I could not pronounce it at all.

"Who, sir?" said the housekeeper, in a voice so earnest, that I rose at once and crossed the room and took her hand:—"You know me," said I, "you surely remember Paul?"

She started with surprise, but recovered herself, and resumed the same grave manner. I thought I had committed some mistake, or been in some way the cause of offence. I called for Madame, and asked for Isabel.

She turned pale—terribly pale. "Bella?" said she.

"Yes, Bella."

"Sir—Bella is dead."

I dropped into my chair. I said not a word. The housekeeper—bless her kind heart!—passed noiselessly out. My hands were over my eyes—the winds were sighing outside, and the clock ticking mournfully within.

I did not sob, nor weep, nor utter any sound. The clock ticked mournfully, and the birds were singing; but I did not hear them any longer; there was a tempest raging within me that would have drowned the voice of thunder.

It broke at length in a long, deep sigh—"Oh, God!" said I. It may have been a prayer—it was not an imprecation.

Bella—sweet Bella was dead! It seemed as if with her half the world was dead—every bright face darkened—every sunshine blotted out—every flower withered—every hope extinguished.

I walked out into the air, and stood under the trees where we had played together with poor Tray—where tray lay buried. But it was not tray I thought of, as I stood there, with the cold wind playing through my hair, and my eyes filling with tears.

How could she die? Why was she gone? Was it really true? Was Isabel indeed dead—in her coffin—buried? Then why should anybody live? What was there to live for, now that Bella was gone?

Ah, what a gap in the world is made by the death of those we love! It is no longer whole, but a poor half-world, that swings unevenly on its axis, and makes you dizzy with the clatter of its wreck.

The housekeeper told me all—little by little, as I found calmness to listen. She had been dead a month; Lilly was with her through it all—she died sweetly, without pain, and without fear—what can angels fear? She had spoken often of "Cousin Paul;" she had left a little packet for him, but it was not there; she had given it into Lilly's keeping.

Her grave, the housekeeper told me, was only a little way off from her home—beside the grave of a brother, who died long years before. I

TOO UNSOCIABLE.

[illegible]

[illegible] another officer of the boat from which he had been discharged, he related the circumstances of his dismissal.

The officer laughingly replied—"Well, the Captain was right to discharge you; for you were too costly an officer, as you were the only one on board he ever had to pay—the accounts of the others being all squared up every month by a few games of poker, at which Captain G—— could beat all creation!"

Thus, Captain H—— lost his place because he did not gamble. Leaving the Mississippi, he went upon the Lake, where, in a few years, by industry and energy, he accumulated a handsome fortune.—*N. O. Delta.*

SECRET HISTORY OF THE WAR WITH ENGLAND.

Col. Miller, of Vermont, who was formerly a Representative in Congress from that State, is now a resident of Wyoming. In a speech recently delivered at Warsaw, Col. Miller revived a charge that has been often made, that our Government, though causing much blood to be shed in Canada, did not intend to conquer that territory, because, by so doing, the free territory of the Union would be extended. In proof of this assertion, Col. M. says, that after General Hull was convicted by a Court Martial, of "Treason and Cowardice, and Sentenced to be Shot," he handed a letter to the President of the Court, which proved to be a letter from the Secretary of War, *directing him to surrender his army to the British!* Col. Miller added:

The President, Mr. Madison, stayed the proceedings of the Court, which left it in such a situation that *any* President, at *any* future time, could *issue an order for the fulfillment of the sentence of the Court!*

Gen. Hull's oath, as officer in the army of the United States, not to reveal his instructions from the War Department, prevented his defence, to the public, of this infamous act! It hung over him up to the last hour of his life!—The fiat for his execution could have been issued at a moment's warning, even to the day of his death!

Dr. Eustis remained at the head of the War Department until the close of the year 1812, when he was succeeded by John Armstrong, who, of course, became acquainted with the above matters. He remained in office about two years, when, incurring the displeasure of President Madison, he was removed. Mr. A. then presented to the Government a claim of some $40,000—the payment of which was refused.—Mr. Armstrong then published a pamphlet, entitled "*Astounding Disclosures*," containing the foregoing in relation to Gen. Hull; the Government immediately purchased the suppression of the work, by the payment of Mr. A.'s claim, and ordered the whole edition to be destroyed. This, it was supposed, was done; *three copies of it still exist*—one of which is in the possession of Col. Miller, another in that of Alvan Stewart, of Utica, and the third, a mutilated copy, in the hands of Judge Hutchinson, of Woodstock, Vermont.

We have long entertained strong suspicions that the conquest of Canada was no part of the plan of the Administration in 1812. At the commencement of the war England was engaged in a mighty conflict with Napoleon. She could spare but a small force to defend the Canadas. Gen. Hull could have marched triumphantly through the Upper Province. But there was either *imbecility* or *treason* at Washington.

☞ The nerve which never relaxes, the eye which never blanches, the thought which never wanders—these are the masters of victory.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 26 letters.
My 1, 21, 14, 17, is a town in New York.
My 20, 21, 14, 11, 16, 3, 16, 7, 17, is a city in New Jersey.
My 8, 12, 21, 16, 22, 21, is a town in Pennsylvania.
My 6, 14, 10, 16, 7, 11, is a town in Virginia.
My 4, 10, 14, 11, 13, 7, 11, is a town in North Carolina.
My 6, 7, 11, 21, 7, 3, is a town in Tennessee.
My 2, 26, 6, 14, 17, 13, 16, 9, is a town in Ohio.
My 9, 2, 5, 7, 8, is a town in Illinois.
My 6, 20, 13, 7, 11, is a town in Georgia.
My 3, 16, 6, 5, 7, 11, is a town in Florida.
My 21, 9, 4, 16, 11, 3, is a town in Wisconsin.
My 26, 19, 10, 3, 11, 20, is a town in Arkansas.
My 13, 10, 2, 18, 22, is a town in Iowa.
My 23, 7, 11, 13, 16, 22, 15, is a town in Michigan.
My 19, 12, 9, is a town in Massachusetts.
My 6, 7, 11, 16, 20, 22, 2, 14, 3, 6, is a city of Vermont.
My 10, 16, 6, 26, is a town in Indiana.
My whole is one of the greatest inventions of the day.
Alexandria, Va. BISHOP.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 15, 7, is a very useful animal.
My 10, 13, 15, is a metal.
My 9, 8, 5, is a well-known instrument.
My 1, 4, 6, is an article of dress.
My 2, 8, 10, is a comfortable article.
My 8, 11, 15, is a small though useful article.
My 3, 5, 12, is a species of fruit.
My 1, 14, 12, is a habitation.
My whole is universally the theme of conversation at present. J. L. C.
Montpelier, Vt.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

On every watch my first is seen,
My next in nobles' habitation;
My whole is sanctioned by a Queen,
And heads of almost every nation.
Philadelphia, Pa. SALLIE.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If a lever of dry oak, in the form of the frustrum of a square pyramid, the length being thirty inches, each side of the greater end six inches, and each side of the less end three inches, rest upon a prop at three inches from the smaller end; it is required to find what weight must be fixed to the extremity of this end, to keep the lever end in equilibrio? F. M.
Macon, Ga.

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ To what Heathen Deity do cooks offer the most incense? Ans.—To Pan.

☞ When is a man always told something whether he wishes it or not? Ans.—When crossing a bridge.

☞ What herb is that whose name is worth four farthings? Ans.—Penny-royal.

☞ Why is a gentleman blacking, rubbed and caped, like a rattlesnake? Ans.—He is a serpent, (Sir-pent.)

☞ What kind of feet do professional men like to avoid? Ans.—[illegible]

CABINET OF CURIOSITIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A small branch from a genealogical tree.
A link from the chain of a carpet.
One of the fragments of a broken heart. J. W. B.
Hagerstown.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Brown's Mills, Burlington County, N. J.
PROBLEM.—11.2357 feet from it.
CHARADE.—[illegible]

Agricultural.

KEEP THE PREMISES CLEAN.

[illegible]

Ground plaster, and freshly burnt charcoal, set in vessels or strewed around in cellars or other places where foul air exists, or is liable to be produced, has a very healthy effect by absorbing gases.

Necessaries often produce a foul atmosphere around them; and as the dwelling is near, the offensive air is often wafted to it, and even when not perceptible is often operating injuriously.—Some prepare these conveniences and cover with loam or other substances all night-soil, so as to do away entirely with all unpleasant and unwholesome effects. When this is not the case, charcoal, plaster, chloride of lime, or other disinfectants should be thrown into the vault to absorb all noxious odors.

Water from the sink should be absorbed in loam, &c., for manure, instead of rising in foul gases, and being blown into the house.

There are some cases of malignant and fatal disorders going through a family, while all the rest of the neighborhood are in good health.—This is often owing to some local cause, some foul puddle, pool or stagnant pond near the dwelling, or a general negligence as to keeping the premises clean.

Decaying weeds, grass, potatoes affected with the rot, potato tops, pumpkin and other vines, and various productions, are undergoing decomposition in the Fall; and in the aggregate the amount is large, and filling the air with pestilential gases. Farmers may do much good to themselves and the community by burying all such substances, and converting them into manure. Make them into a compost heap, well covered with loam, to absorb the gases.

Horse-Shoeing.—The following remarks on horse-shoeing are from the pen of Mr. Miles, Veterinary Surgeon of the English Life-Guards:

The shoe of the horse should be of equal thickness throughout, with a flat ground surface; as those with high heels, which unwise smiths make in imitation of their own, are dangerously absurd. The toe, which ought to be raised, is lowered, and nature's plan reversed, which elevates the point in order to avoid obstruction. The web should be wide, one of the same width throughout, instead of being pinched in because the smith likes to see the shoe well set off at the heels. This is both unphilosophical and detrimental; it deceives the eye of man, and injures the foot of the horse. The outer edge of the foot rests on the inner edge of the shoe, and the remaining width of the web projects beyond the hoof; so that the master who thinks that his horse has a good open foot, only has to be proud of a bad open shoe, which both conceals defects underneath, and invites with open arms a bad road to come and do its worst. The heels are made here just where the navicular joint is most exposed; and if that be inflamed, what must the agony be when the unprotected foot treads on a sharp flint? The horse falls suddenly lame, or drops as if he had been shot—phrases in much too common use to require explanation; and small is the pity which the suffering animal meets with from man; who, having first destroyed the use of his victim's feet, abuses him because he cannot go; and imputes "grogginess" to him as crime, as if he were in liquor like a groom, and not in agony.

Sheep, the Best Stock.—I have been of the opinion ten or twelve years, that sheep were the most profitable stock of the farmer. I have tried to get the best I could, almost regardless of price. I first got the Saxony Merino. Their wool was fine, but their *fleeces* light, averaging about two-and-a-half pounds; besides, about one-half of their lambs would die. I felt dissatisfied, and bought some Bakewell Sheep. Their wool was very coarse; their fleeces would average about four-and-a-half pounds each; their lambs was fine for the market. They may be the best sheep near some large city, but not for Western New York. I next crossed my Bakewell Ewes with a Saxony Buck; this made the wool much finer, but rather lessened the weight of the fleeces; they were better than the Bakewells. Last season I read a statement in your valuable paper, made by Reed Burritt, of Burdett, of the weight of fleeces of his sheep. I felt a little incredulous about it, but was determined to try them; so last Fall I selected twenty from his yearling ewes and one buck, which, he said, sheared last June, a year, nine pounds, eleven ounces of washed wool. He thought he would shear ten pounds, and the ewes five pounds, the next shearing. He sheared a little short of nine pounds, but he, with the twenty yearling ewes, averaged just six pounds and a-half each fleece. Mr. Burritt certified to me that they were full-blooded Paular Merino Sheep. I think they are so. Other farmers may want better sheep, but, at present, I am satisfied with the Paular Merino Sheep. S. Hull.—*Clyde*, 1851.

Suggestions.—When I see ploughing done, year after year, in the same track, beside a fence or a gully, till a dyke of considerable height is thrown up, and of course a corresponding loss made in the interior, thinks I to myself there is a want of good husbandry.

When I see a stone wall topped out with a single tier of round stone, thinks I to myself the upper foot in the height of such walls ought never to have been put on, and look out for dull scythes and loss of hay.

When I see a fruit tree loaded with twice the top necessary for bearing well; and this perhaps partly dead, thereby keeping the saps of the one from the under crop, thinks I to myself, there is an indication of bad husbandry.

When I see a total failure of a crop of Indian corn, thinks I to myself, if that man had bestowed all the manure and perhaps two-thirds the labor on half the ground, he would have had a fair crop of [illegible] the following year.

When I see a farmer selling his ashes for ten cents per bushel, thinks I to myself, that farmer had better given his purchaser ten cents to leave them to his corn and grain.—*Maine Farmer.*

Durable Roofs.—Roofs of buildings, according to the Genesee Farmer, are now successfully made, by first covering with sheets of tarred paper, which is then covered with hot pitch and with a coating of fine gravel while the pitch is hot. The cost is about the same as with shingles. Old and leaky roofs are cured by two successive coats of hot coal tar, each followed by a covering of sand, care being taken to introduce the tar into all the crevices.

We prefer shingles to this kind of roof, for dwelling houses at least. For sheds and outhouses, having flat roofs, this composition is certainly a very good one.—*Scientific American.*

Effects of Irrigation.—Water, applied to the soil by irrigation, gives many other things besides humidity; [illegible] as obvious in a Northern as in a Southern climate.

A Specimen of [illegible]

The Olio.

CAROLINE.

BY COATES KINNEY.

Her eyes were blue and softly bright
As morning violets wet with dew;
Her hair was like a cloud of night
The streams of moonlight straying through.

Her cheeks were of the hue of shells
That [illegible]
Her voice, the chime of silver bells
Forever ringing out a glee.

Her smile was mellow as the dawn
Of meadow lilies o'er a stream;
Her light step graceful as a fawn
When soft winds wake them from a dream.

A truth was in her earnest glance,
On which the heart could rest secure;
Her every sigh inspired a trance,
As 'twere a whisper from the sky.

Origin of the Name "Old Dominion," as Applied to Virginia.—There is in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society, a coin of the following description: On one side is a shield, on which are quartered the arms of England, Scotland, Ireland and Virginia. The shield is surmounted by a crown, and encircled with the words "Virginia," 1773.

A similar coin was dug up a few years since, and the following statement was published with the description of it:

"During the usurpation of Cromwell, the colony of Virginia refused to acknowledge his authority, and declared itself independent. Shortly after, finding that Cromwell threatened to send a fleet and army to reduce Virginia to subjection, and dreading the ability of this feeble State to withstand this force, she sent over a small ship, a messenger to Charles II., then an exile, at Breda, in Flanders. Charles accepted the invitation to come over, and be King of Virginia, and was on the eve of embarking, when he was recalled to the throne of England. As soon as he was restored to the crown of England, in gratitude for the loyalty of Virginia, he caused her coat of arms to be quartered with those of England, Scotland, and Ireland, as an independent member of the empire.

"The above coin is clearly confirmatory of these facts. Hence the origin of the phrase 'Old Dominion,' frequently applied to Virginia."

History does not confirm all these statements, though it establishes some, and sufficiently discloses in the conduct of Virginia, during the Protectorate of Cromwell, a cause for the origin of the name "*Old Dominion.*"

Give Your Child a Paper.—A child beginning to read becomes delighted with a newspaper, because he reads the names of things which are very familiar, and will make progress accordingly. A newspaper in one year is worth a quarter's schooling to a child, and every father must consider that substantial information is connected with advancement. The mother of a family, being one of the heads, and having a more immediate charge of children, should herself be instructed. A mind occupied becomes fortified against the ills of life, and is braced for any emergency. Children amused by reading or study, are of course more considerate, and more easily governed. How many thoughtless young men have spent their earnings in a tavern or grog shop, who ought to have been reading! How many parents who have not spent twenty dollars for books for their families, who would have given hundreds to reclaim a son or a daughter who had ignorantly and thoughtlessly fallen into temptation!

Why Everybody is Cross.—One day little John Wilson came running into the house where his sister Mary was sewing. He held something in his hand which he had found in the back yard.

"Oh, sister Mary!" said he, "I have found a pretty thing. It is a piece of red glass, and when I looked through it every thing looked red, too. The trees, the houses, the green grass, your face and everything is red."

Mary replied. "Yes, it is very beautiful, and now let me show you how to learn a useful lesson from it.

"You remember the other day you thought every person was cross to you.

"Now, you were like this piece of glass, which makes everything red because it is red. You were cross, so you thought everybody around you was cross, too.

"If you are in good humor and kind to every one, they will seem kind to you."

Books Among the Africans.—It is a wonderful thing to a Caffre, that a book should talk, or that one person should be able to express his meaning to another by written signs.

"Your child can read," said a Missionary to a Caffre, who had sent his offspring to the school.

"No," said he, "I cannot believe that. You white people may be able to read, you are so clever; but you cannot teach us to read; it is impossible."

"Come here," said the Missionary to the child. The child stepped forward. "Let your father hear you read this," continued the Missionary. He read; the father listened; he was astonished—and, clasping his child to his breast, he wept over him with joy.—*Smith's South Africa.*

No Man's Enemy but his Own.—No man's enemy but his own happens generally to be the enemy of everybody with whom he is in relation. The leading quality which goes to make this character, is a reckless improvidence and a selfish pursuit of selfish enjoyments, independent of all consequences. No man's enemy but his own runs rapidly through his means, calls in a friendly way on his friends for bonds, bail, and securities, involves his nearest kin, leaves his wife a beggar, and quarters his orphans upon the public; and, after having enjoyed himself to the last guinea, entails a life of dependance on his progeny, and dies in the odor of that ill-understood reputation of harmless folly, which is more injurious to society than many positive crimes.—*Lady Morgan.*

A Reflection.—It should be remembered that every loathsome inmate of Penitentiaries and State Prisons was once a gentle, inoffensive, and prattling child; and that every criminal who has "expiated his crimes upon the gallows," was once pressed to a mother's heart, and drew his life-giving nourishment from her bosom. Bad moral training, wrong influence, and debasing examples do their work, and transform endearing offspring into ferocious men, who shock humanity by the foulness of their guilt, and the stupendous audacity of their crimes.

For Housekeepers.

RECEIPTS FOR INVALIDS.

Apple Tea.—Place three tart apples on a plate before a good fire, and roast them quite soft; then take off the skins, put the apples into an earthen dish with a close cover, pour a pint of boiling water upon them, and let them stand under cover until they are cold; when using, add a little white sugar to make it more agreeable.

Another Apple Tea.—Peel and quarter four tart apples, wash them, cut them in slices, put them into a pitcher with a close cover, pour upon them a pint of cold spring water, put the pitcher covered into a kettle of boiling water, where let it stand until its contents become boiling hot; then remove the pitcher from the fire, and keep it covered until its contents are cold, when pour off the liquor, and sweeten it with sugar and nutmeg.

Arrow-root.—Wet one teaspoonful of best arrow-root with a little cold water, and pour upon it one-and-a-half gills of boiling water, stirring the whole until it is well mixed; season it with sugar and nutmeg, and a little wine, if the invalid can bear it.

Arrow-root Custard.—Wet one tablespoonful of the best arrow-root with a little cold milk, and pour upon it two gills of boiling milk; place it in a kettle of boiling water, and stir into it one egg well beaten, with one tablespoonful of sugar; let it remain in the boiling water three minutes, stirring it continually; then turn it into a dish, and grate a little nutmeg over it.

Balm Tea.—Pour a pint of cold water upon a handful of the leaves of dried, sweet balm; stir it a few minutes, then cover it, and let it stand an hour, when it is ready for use.

Some persons pour hot water upon the balm, but the infusion is not so palatable as when cold water is used.—*Mrs. Bliss's Practical Cook Book.*